

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



Harold

SEPTEMBER 1942

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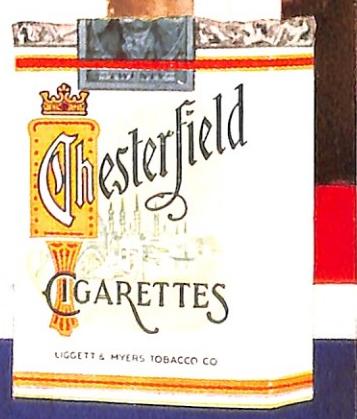


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OFFICE OF THE

Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective
Order of Elks of the
United States of America

*Hello Americans!
Let's Chat a While.—*

ELKS WAR COMMISSION: The Omaha Convention was proud of this Commission's report. Have you read it? I suggest that you do so at once. In it you will learn what our Order is doing to help win the war; but which one was right—Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jim McFarland or Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Thompson? The War Commission must, of course, have ample funds for the splendid patriotic work it is doing for our Order. Judge McClelland told the Convention we ought to raise \$500,000 by voluntary contributions from the lodges and their members. Judge Thompson objected and said he believed it should be raised by an assessment, but Jim McFarland told the Convention that the members of the Order would resent the levying of a tax for so worthy a cause, especially since the amount required of each member would be so small. "Give us a chance", he said, "and by October we will have rolled up that sum and fifty percent more." The Convention was unanimous for Judge McClelland's method. Even those generous men from Queens Borough Lodge (this is the lodge Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jim Hallinan comes from) voted for this method, although they had previously contributed \$5,000, and said they stood ready to match that contribution with another.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CONVENTION: It was an enthusiastic Convention. Its tone was patriotic and lofty. Never did a body of men meet with such serious purpose since the Elks' Convention at Boston in 1917. Many of its members were mere lads when the Boston Convention was held and they came to the Omaha Convention for similar serious work—to win the war! They faithfully attended each session and not one of them asked the Grand Exalted Ruler to be excused. There was no slackening of interest among them during those four hot days, and the final session on Thursday morning was crowded even as were all the others that preceded it. Judge McClelland is rightly proud of his year's

work which came to so rich a fruition in this splendid Convention, and it was my proud duty as my first official act as Grand Exalted Ruler, at the request of the War Commission, to nominate him to that body. With what acclaim the Convention confirmed his appointment!

DISTRICT DEPUTIES: My official representatives to the various districts were early appointed and are now at work. They will carry to you the spirit and will of the Omaha Convention. They will help you to mobilize your forces for raising the \$500,000 contribution to the Elks War Commission and for carrying on that other great voluntary work of the Grand Lodge—the National Foundation. My District Deputies, the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge will tell you more of the "Fight for Freedom" class of candidates that our lodges will initiate in October. They will constantly remind you also of Judge McClelland's "G" Boxes that have been of great comfort to our Brothers now with the armed forces of our country and have won unqualified approval of Elks whose sons are in service.

MY PROGRAM: Well, we have just been chatting about it and my closing word to you is, "Carry on, my Brothers, carry on. America needs Elkdom."

Cordially and fraternally,

GRAND EXALTED RULER

SEPTEMBER 1942

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"TO INculcate the Principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to Promote the Welfare and Enhance the Happiness of its Members; to Quicken the Spirit of American Patriotism; to Cultivate Good Fellowship. . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

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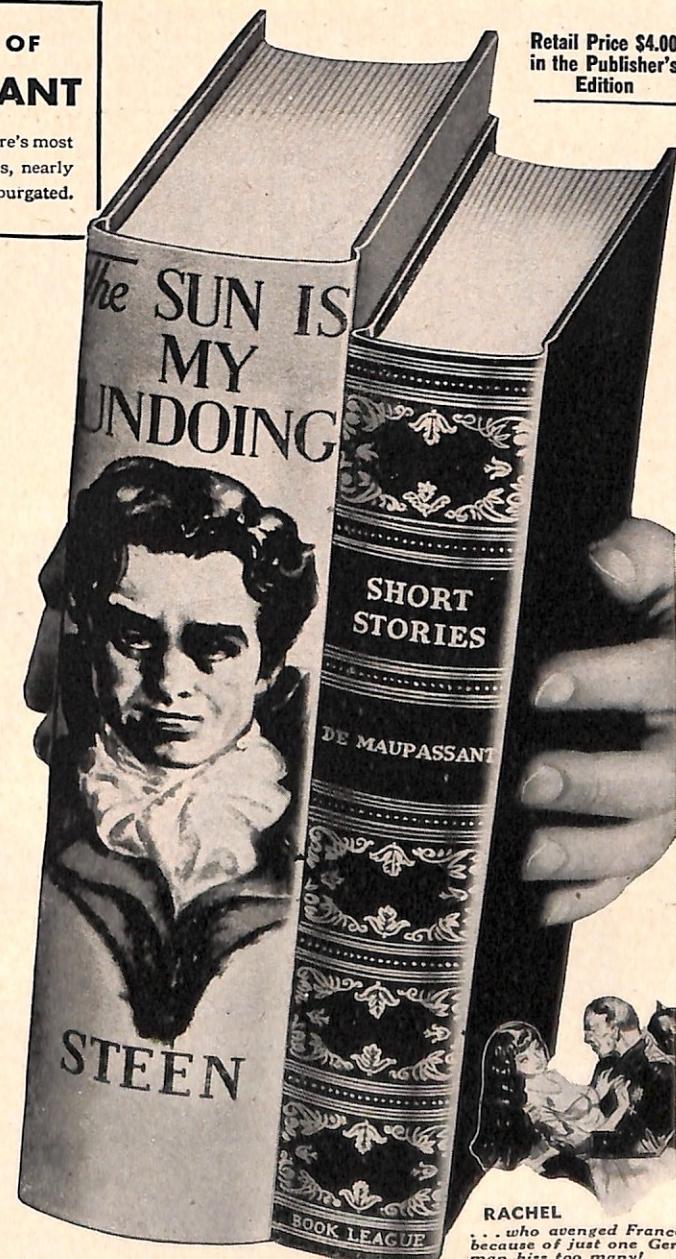
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because of just one German kiss too many!

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JOE ROURKER, guardian of our liberties, enroute to Pensacola, left the Green Wheel Inn with haste. He tumbled from the small veranda through a hedge, and landed, finally, upon the lawn, there skidding on the grass so that a patch of verdant green defiled the midnight blue of his civilian evening pants. There was no sound except the unoffending use of knives and forks by those who dined downstairs, and the modulated voices from the dice game

on the upper floor. Then the quiet yielded gently to the sound of footsteps, seeking. Rourker got behind the hedge. His seekers would not know, he calculated, just which window he had tumbled from. He stayed behind the hedge. He saw the man named Peetsie Beverly move by. He stepped out quietly and belted Peetsie Beverly a single time behind the ear. He felt no qualms about his act, since Beverly, but minutes heretofore, had shown a knife to him and

wriggled it, as one might wriggle such a knife to pierce the meat between your ribs.

Joe moved about the premises, avoiding light. He saw two men walk through the parking field. He recognized the men as Peetsie's colleagues, but he saw no sign of Henry Jefford, gentleman, improver of the breed and widely celebrated as the owner of a horse named Golden Port.

Joe ignored the parking field. He had no car. He walked along the

See you at the Races



A hand collided with
his own, a warm and
graceful hand.

road, Route No. 54, that corkscrewed steeply through the handsome countryside. The darker clouds had washed across the moon. The light came softly, amply for his needs. A dairy truck wore weary on the long and turning climb. Joe watched it roll across the concrete crest of hill. He ran along behind it in the faltering pause of changing gears. The tailcoat which concealed the green blotch on his pants flapped freely as he ran.

He sat on an ice cream can and sought to muster fleeting thoughts. The ice cream can, though clean, was cold. So Joe stood up to look out on the January evening in the lower part of a very southern state, not Florida. The truck, he hoped, would get to Jurisville. Three Army planes winged overhead, cleaving the night with their sound and speed. He didn't know where they were bound, but the sound of them reminded him what little time remained for personal affairs.

His personal affair had been to sell two horses that he never could afford, a mare which he had sold the day before at Jurisville for five hundred dollars cash, and a chestnut colt named Ripple Ride which he would run tomorrow in the seventh race, before retiring him. And then he had seen Henry Jefford in a car with Peetsie Beverly—which changed the course of things most drastically. The truck slowed finally, then turned into a gravel road. He heard the sound of music, beating pleasantly, and people laughing. He jumped quickly to the gravel road and calmly strolled away. The driver walked around, scarcely noticing. "Nice night," said Joe.

The house he looked at, and into which the driver brought the ice cream, was a white house, huge and rambling in the moonlight, very old but nicely painted, held together by the stout and gilded pursestrings of a man named Malcolm More. Joe knew this thing because he'd seen a picture of this southern elegance upon a postcard he had mailed the day before to a friend in arms.

crowd, of course, practically en masse.

The guests strolled by him smilingly, so he strolled by the guests. It seemed, to all appearances, that he belonged. He strolled in toward the music, up some steps onto a terrace, through a door. A negro in a linen coat served drinks. Joe took a drink. It burned through him. His famine was a dreadful thing. His famine was, however, not for drink. It was for food, of which no crumb had passed his lips in countless hours. The drink but amplified the hunger that was his. He walked about. He saw the buffet to the left, against the wall.

The buffet had been raided heavily. There was a single sandwich on a plate. He looked with much disinterest at the sandwich, then, when no one seemed to witness, reached for it. A hand collided with his own, a warm and graceful hand, from which he took his own, as though it had been burned.

"I beg your pardon," Joe said to the girl. "I—" The girl had stunned him with her quiet beauty.

"No, really," said the girl. "Please, I didn't want it, anyway."

"I couldn't eat a thing," he said. "I just thought I'd use the bread to stuff my ears in case of an air attack. People can't be too careful nowadays."

They left the sandwich on the plate. The girl was tall and the line of her soft throat flowed from handsome shoulders. Her head was high and right, and it did not seem to Joe that in this world he'd seen so fine a sight as the evening gown before him and the girl it had been filled with. "Excuse my staring," Joe apologized. "But you wouldn't happen to have a dozen eggs, would you?"

"That's a silly thing to say."

"That's because you're not aware of true conditions. All this fine display, this swank, this la-dee-da, and me too late for the sandwiches."

"Well, then, for heaven's sake, please take it."

"That's better now. We'll share it, what do you say to that?"

"No. I'm a guest of the Mores. Mr. More was a friend of my father's and he asked me very kindly to stay for the last few days of the racing meet. I was about to retire to my room with the sandwich. I suppose I would have had to hide it in my hair to get away with it. You make everything seem so foolish, Mr. Rourker." But her hair was lovely, coiffured daringly, and Joe was happy to be sitting next to her. She ate the ice cream sparingly. "It's so terribly cold," she said. She meant the cream.

"I'll go get you some off the top of the can," he said. "It should be warmer, because—well, I was sitting on it."

Miss Katherine Dale—that was her name—just stared at him. The band played on.

"Good evening."

Joe stood up. Katherine Dale replied, "Good evening." Henry Jefford was impeccable, nay, beautiful, and preened as aptly as a dollar piece of pastry to the eyes of innocents. But privately, within himself, Joe knew, this Jefford was a vulture with an extra set of teeth. A crook. The tainted yolk of an egg. He once trained horses for Joe's aunt, the well-known Mrs. Perry. He was celebrated in his own right now as the owner of the distinguished Golden Port.

"Good to see you again, Rourker," Jefford told him pleasantly. The men shook hands. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?" Joe said it surely had. "And I was so sorry to hear about your aunt. It was last summer, wasn't it, that Mrs. Perry passed away?" She's not the only one that passed away, Joe thought. And why were you hiding like a squirrel at The Green Wheel Inn tonight, Joe wished to know, but didn't speak these thoughts.

"This is really quite a party," Jefford said in judgment. "Katherine, we should dance. You don't mind, Joe? We've been guests together now for several days. I didn't know there was this much fun going on. I've been upstairs all evening until now,

Boy meets girl meets horse and, as though that was not enough, he collides with a group of gamboling gamblers.

By William Fay

The More establishment was in the throes of entertainment. With the southern evening mild, some of the guests, the younger ones, strolled on the vast verandas and the lawn, dressed fancily, and most of them, Joe guessed, imported from wide distances by Mr. More. They could not come from Jurisville, since Jurisville would not have more than two or three dress suits. The race track

"I'm just finishing the sandwich, if you don't mind."

Ice cream and petit fours and demitasse appeared in liberal proportions on the broad buffet. "And in the darkest hour," said Joe. He managed things. She was amused. They sat in straight adjoining chairs against a wall. "Aren't you with anyone who's apt to punch me?" Joe inquired, looking across the room.

attending to a lot of things. Golden Port, of course, has been shipped to Hialeah, and there's so much detail, I really haven't time for visiting. Excuse us, Joe."

Upstairs all night? Attending to details? Then Mr. Jefford wished to make a point of it. But I saw him at The Green Wheel Inn, Joe told himself—although it's possible he mightn't have seen me. He gripped

the thousand dollars in his pocket. His bright thoughts soared excitingly with anticipation.

HE'D gone out to The Green Wheel Inn suspecting evil things. The Green Wheel was a trap of vast extravagance which he could ill afford. Joe got his notion when, that afternoon, he saw The Green Wheel's owner, Peetsie Beverly, drive up the highway in a car of great proportions with a man who looked so much like Henry Jefford it could not have been another. Joe had Peetsie on his mind because a cheap three-hundred-dollar horse named Spangle Beau was entered in tomorrow's seventh race, in Peetsie's name. After which, by checking in the records, and by grace of furtive peeks at Spangle Beau, a handsome horse, however slow, it seemed a striking thing how much this plater *looked like Mr. Jefford's Golden Port!* "It's my imagination," Joe kept saying to himself, "But look around, pal, look around." Thus Joe put on his evening clothes, a stern requirement at The Green Wheel Inn, and took a taxi to the place.

Joe didn't pause to dine, though he was hungry. He simply checked his hat and saw some people being ushered up a flight of stairs. He attached himself to the pack, as though a frequent customer, and with the rest he was admitted to the game room on the second floor. The layout fast convinced him Peetsie Beverly had prospered through his sins. The dice game flourished. Joe paused by the fine green felt. He watched the ivory cubes rebound. The roulette game was well attended, too. The tokens varied as to price, but none of them was priced for an enlisted man. Joe watched the wheel, the faces of the players, quiet, many paled, with hearts sucked tightly into throats.

Joe placed five hundred dollars worth of tokens on the red—each nickle he'd received from selling Nellie Dee. But no matter how wild his deed might be, it was essential now to have a thousand dollars cash, and since his action stole the swift attention of the crowd, Joe looked about him smilingly, his two hands sweating frantically within his empty pockets. The little man who ran the wheel and raked the tokens in and out, looked twice at him, uncertainly. The wheel went around and the bouncing ball set finally on red. Joe gave the man his tokens which had multiplied by two. "I'll take the cash," he said, then weakly went his way.

"Pardon me, Mac," said a formidable man. The "Pardon me, Mac" was not from Dixie, Joe believed, but from Chicago or New York. "Just how'd you get in here?"

"I just walked in."

"Like that?"

"Like that."

"You can't kid me. Now don't get cute." The man was rugged, tough, despite his fine apparel, and displayed the confidence of one who knew his qualities. "How do I know you ain't a cop, my friend?"

Illustrated By MARIO COOPER

Joe punched him, turned and ran and shoved a sofa in the paths of Al and Frankie who came leaping.



"You know all the cops," Joe said. "You must be paying them enough."

"You're too smart, mister. You give the wheel one spin, then walk away with all the dough. It ain't sporting. It ain't the thing to do. Maybe you should see the boss."

The man pushed open a door marked "Office", called inside, "We got a kangaroo." The door was open wide enough for Joe to see inside. The thing most interesting to see was Henry Jefford in a swivel chair. The swivel chair swung swiftly, offering the back of Mr. Jefford to the view. Peetsie Beverly walked out. "A kan-

garoo," said Joe's acquaintance, "is a guv about to leap off with the bundle. That's one that I made up. We use it all the time."

"I must remember that," Joe said. "Well, so long, now."

"Just a minute. What's the trouble, Frankie?" Peetsie Beverly advanced. Peetsie was a jockey of some fifteen years before, now fatter, tougher, even less attractive than he had been in the past, when for a time he had been Henry Jefford's stooge at many things quite sinister which never were explained. Joe had been now, for two long years, investigat-



ing Jefford, putting little things together rather brightly, for a reason that was personal.

"This gypsy walks in," Frankie said. "He takes a half a grand and tries to blow. I never seen the guy before."

"I think I have," said Peetsie, "though I couldn't say just where. You got some horses, haven't you? I just can't place you right. Frankie, go help Al. I'll talk to Mister what's-'is-name."

"Pagfiechowics," Joe said readily. "We got to take precautions," Peetsie Beverly explained. They walked along the hall into a large reception room. "We can't let strangers come in here unless they're recommended. And of course we never play for money, really. The wheel and the dice are just for atmosphere.

We give tokens and we pass a lot of money back and forth, but it's just for fun, you understand? Especially with strangers. Now, if you'll just let me have that—what was it, a half grand?—then everything will be all right. And no hard feelings, pal."

Joe saw Frankie and the man who must be Al both leaning on the door sills at the other side of the room. Joe was not accustomed to such muscular persuasion. Joe realized that war was being waged in many lands because of men like this. Joe was conscious of the side on which he stood, though he was scared enough. He stated quietly, lest Al and Frankie hear him and come running much too soon, "What if I should bust you in the nose and yell for the Marines?"

Peetsie's tone was similarly subdued. Peetsie smiled and flashed a

little thing between the two of them which proved to be one of those knives the blade of which hops out a threatening half a foot if you but press the button. Peetsie wriggled it suggestively. Then Joe drew back and punched The Green Wheel's owner lustily and turned and ran and shoved a heavy sofa in the paths of Al and Frankie who came leaping.

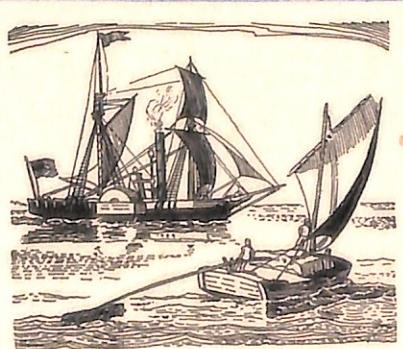
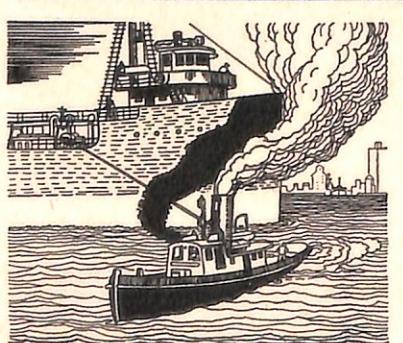
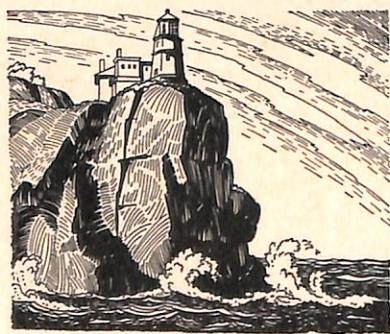
Joe was faster, younger. Joe maneuvered quickly on the upper floor, confounding them. And then, when his pursuers passed in frantic haste his last place of concealment, Joe found a small veranda jutting towards the out-of-doors. He hung by his arms from the wooden rail, halving the drop to the ground. He released his grip as he shoved with his feet. He tumbled through the hedge

(Continued on page 36)



What America is reading

By Harry Hansen



AMERICANS are getting acquainted with America and finding it worth cultivating. And as rubber tires wear thin and gas gets scarcer, many of us will be thankful that we are near the sea, the lakes and the great hills, in our own country. You can tell that people are glad to investigate the forty-eight States because the number of

North fought South and ruined New Orleans' trade. Today New Orleans is still the city of individuality. Mr. Sinclair has written a fine account of its past and present. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50)

At the end of that fishhook of Massachusetts called Cape Cod lies Provincetown. Everybody has heard of it,



John Myers Myers, author of "Out On Any Limb," snapped at an Officer Candidate School.

books about them has been increasing. The latest is "The Port of New Orleans", by Harold Sinclair, which packs an immense amount of romantic history into this story of the gateway to the Mississippi Valley. French days, Spanish days, pirate activities, slavery and the smoke of battle—all affected this city, which is "a Marseilles or a Shanghai, American style, shot through with overtones of Christy minstrels, the code duello, white steamboats on a chocolate colored river, coffee and cotton, wine in cobwebbed bottles, vine-festooned patios and Basin Street jazz". For its size New Orleans has more history than it needs.

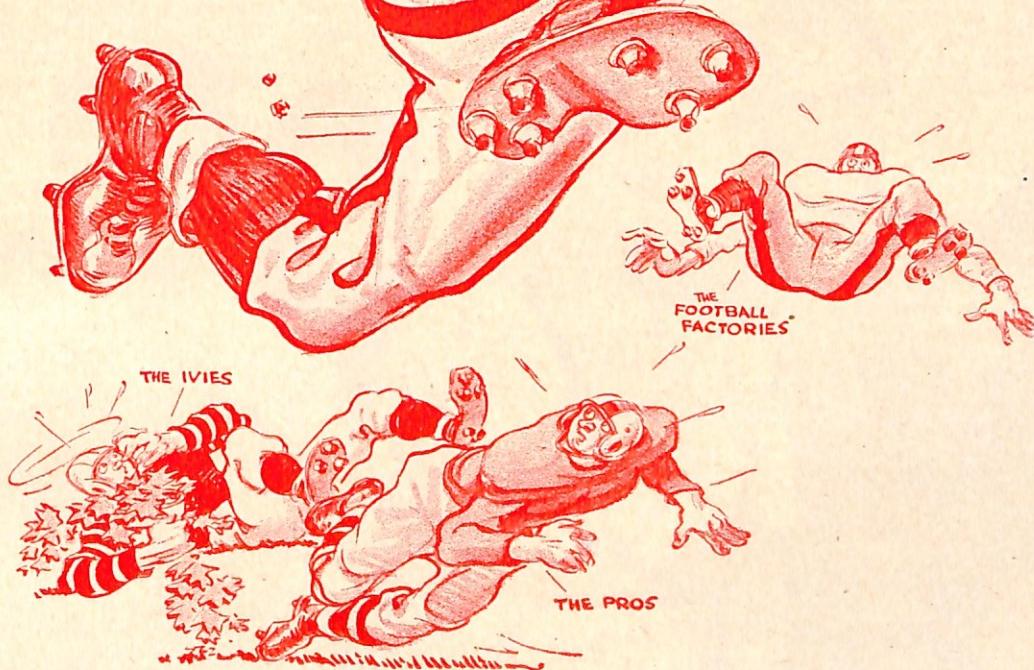
The big rush has stopped in New Orleans; the hectic pre-war days, when it was a sink-hole, have given way to more orderly living. Old packet steamboats can still be seen, but modern craft, with Diesel motors and screw propellers, do the real work. The French Quarter may be decaying, but it has a great reputation, and tourists are constantly visiting and photographing it. With so many Army camps nearby New Orleans once more is filled with soldiers; in all its days it has heard the tramp of marching feet, from the time of the battle in which Jackson defeated Packenham to the Mexican war and the terrible days when

Left: Drawings by John O'Hara Cosgrave, II, for "The Long Ships Passing: The Story of the Great Lakes" by Walter Havighurst.

many have visited it. It has a reputation as an artists' and writers' colony and summer resort. Mary Heaton Vorse has lived there thirty-five years and wouldn't live anywhere else. But what she writes about it in "Time and the Town" makes me think it much more interesting in print than in actuality. I did try to visit there one summer and the mosquitoes nearly ate me up. Mrs. Vorse acknowledges the mosquitoes and itemizes many other disadvantages—terrible plumbing, uncollected garbage, debris on the beach, and so on. The point is that Provincetown, despite its great history, doesn't care what the world thinks. It lives its own life, and that makes it quaint and individual, too. When a visitor complained about the mosquitoes a native said, "I've been able to stand mosquitoes, and my father and grandfather and great-grandfather could, and I guess you summer folks can stand 'em, too." Mrs. Vorse has many grand tales to tell about life in Provincetown. Once it was a prosperous whaling port; now it has many "Portugee" fishermen. It will have fewer summer visitors this year than ever before, but that won't disappoint the natives, who never cared much for the famous artists and writers anyway. (Dial Press, \$3)

(Continued on page 50)

THE BIG RED, WHITE AND BLUE



The Army and Navy football teams are going to prove to the colleges and pros that "war is hell"

By STANLEY FRANK

THEY tell us the one salutary effect of war is the hastening of great social changes which otherwise would not emerge from the cocoon of conservatism for many years, and it already appears to be true in a small but significant way. The revolution is here in football. A gent no longer needs a college degree, a

feather in the hat or even a pretty girl with a chrysanthemum to qualify as a Grade A, blown-in-the-bottle (*sic and hic*) football fan. To indicate further that the millenium really has arrived, plutocrats and peasants, prep and reform school old grads, will have equal rooting rights in the same teams—the greatest football teams ever assembled.

For the Army and Navy have gone into the football business on a grimmer, more grandiose scale than any

football factory, lightly camouflaged as a college, ever envisioned. The soldiers and sailors, drawn from all branches of the service and no holds barred, are going to make the best college and pro teams look like a road company of Siwash's second-stringers.

There are eighty-six pro stars from the National League scattered throughout the armed forces; they alone comprise the nucleus of a dozen first-rate teams. But they won't be alone. Approximately 1800 college players of recent vintage, well versed in the gentle art of knocking down people, also are available for the two varsity teams the Army has in operation and for the four super-special Navy teams which will be based at pre-flight schools for aviation cadets.

Under the circumstances, it's going
(Continued on page 48)

THE vigor and intellect of from 70,000,000 to 90,000,000 Americans are being sapped by a slow starvation so subtle in its insidious effects that only recently have a few scientists realized its existence. Fifty to seventy percent of us are below par because, though we may eat too much, our bodies crave and are not getting minute quantities of vital chemicals found in food. Entirely unknown a few years ago, these life building ingredients are today considered of primary importance in our effort to win the war.

This paradox of debilitating hunger in a land of plenty doesn't apply only to the low third of our population. It drains the energy of the vast middle class and even of the

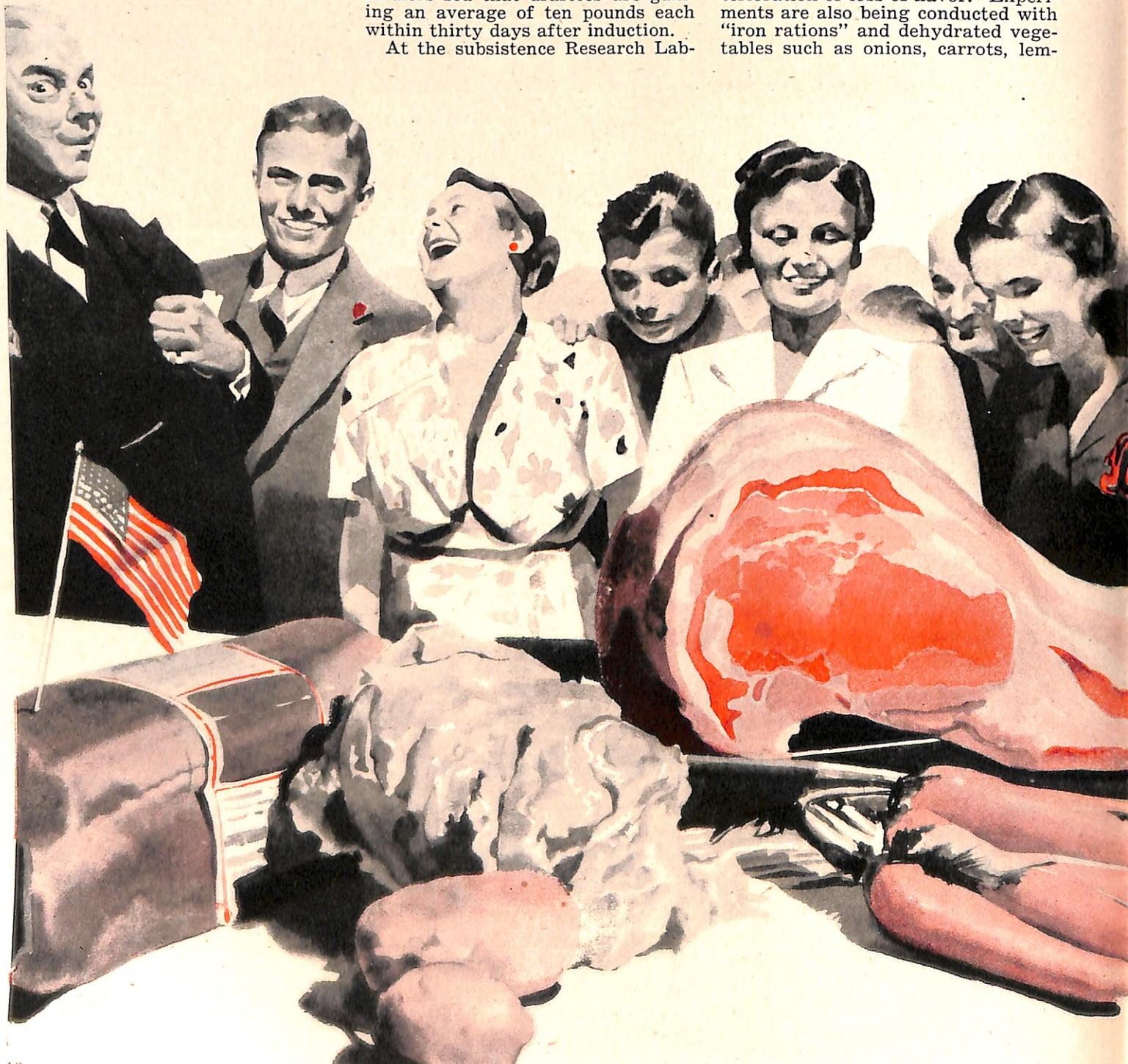
well-to-do. It sluices off the strength of farmers as well as city slum dwellers. It undermines stenographers, mechanics, miners, housewives and children. Even scientists working in laboratories studying the problem have been stricken with the mysterious maladies which follow prolonged shortages of these chemicals.

Many of these ailments are among the great unknowns of medicine. Their existence only recently proved, scientists refer to them as diet deficiency diseases, but as yet they have no single name. They are the hunger sickness.

The Army, aware of its importance, is taking every precaution to make sure that this hunger sickness does not undercut the vigor of our fighting men. So carefully are our soldiers fed that draftees are gaining an average of ten pounds each within thirty days after induction.

At the subsistence Research Lab-

oratory which is maintained in Chicago by the Quartermaster Corps, all Army foods undergo nutrition and other tests. To encourage the development of more nutritious and more easily handled foods, the laboratory will examine any food or packaging submitted by private industry. Recently an exceedingly important new butter was tested, one which can be used by troops in the tropics. It will not melt or turn rancid at 110° Fahrenheit. A new cellophane wrapping for cheeses and a sausage roll of *chili con carne* are currently being tried out. Tests are being run on bacon packed in a new vacuum-sealed package of plastic laminated paper. This package will, it is believed, keep bacon for months at room temperature without deterioration or loss of flavor. Experiments are also being conducted with "iron rations" and dehydrated vegetables such as onions, carrots, lem-



ons, eggs, raisins and grapes. The problem of dehydrating vegetables without burning the vitamins out of them and thereby destroying their nutritive value, may soon be solved.

But if our Army seems well protected, what about our civilians? The startling discovery that more than two out of every three civilians suffer to some degree, mild or serious, from the hunger sickness has begun to arouse the country as have few revelations in medical science. The realization that we cannot win a total war with the mental and physical potency of most of our people hitting on five cylinders or less is reflected in snowballing nationwide efforts to educate the public on the all-important subject of nutrition.

At least one major network radio program, sponsored by the Government and financed by several food companies, has for months been pounding home to the people the facts about nutrition. The Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services in Washington has developed an elaborate nation-wide educational campaign enlisting twenty-two Government agencies and food manufac-

turers and distributors. A Nutrition Foundation, established to sponsor certain research in diet, had been underwritten for five years for some \$160,000 annually by a few large food companies. The American Red Cross, the Y.W.C.A. and the U.S.O. have started consumer nutrition classes. Westinghouse and other industrial companies are giving food lectures to workers' wives and are even showing some of them what special foods to pack in night-shift lunch boxes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public, already eagerly responding, have purchased during the last twelve months over \$200,000,000 of synthetic vitamins! Though they often don't know what they are buying and occasionally are wasting their money, they are on the right track. Their spirit shows that, given the facts about nutrition, they will do something constructive about it.

Unfortunately, not all the facts are known. But enough has been discovered so that anyone with even a very moderate income who wants to improve and maintain the mental and physical vigor of his family can do so merely by giving a fraction as

much time to it as he does, say, to keeping track of the baseball scores. Fortunately, the rules of good nutrition are perhaps one-tenth as complicated as baseball.

Stripped of their trappings here are a few aspects of the present nutrition picture which will indicate something of what the score is. They include the work of a young scientist who is studying the effects of diets on thousands of human "guinea pigs" with astonishing revelations of effect of food on people. They cover sex vitality, and grey hair, and a few of the amazing things some vitamins do to build morale, and a baker who altruistically spent hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to provide the best possible bread for millions of Americans and in doing so ruined it.

Here is one fact: Ordinary commercial white bread is Saboteur No. 1 of national health. The white bread most of America was raised on has helped to undermine the vitality of half the country. Because of ignorance, instead of being the staff of life it has been the scepter of hunger sickness. And even so-called

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HARVEST of HUNGER

Two out of every three civilians
suffer to some degree from hunger
sickness. Here's why.

By Dickson Hartwell

Illustrated By
C. C. BEALL

In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Photo by Ylla from Rapho

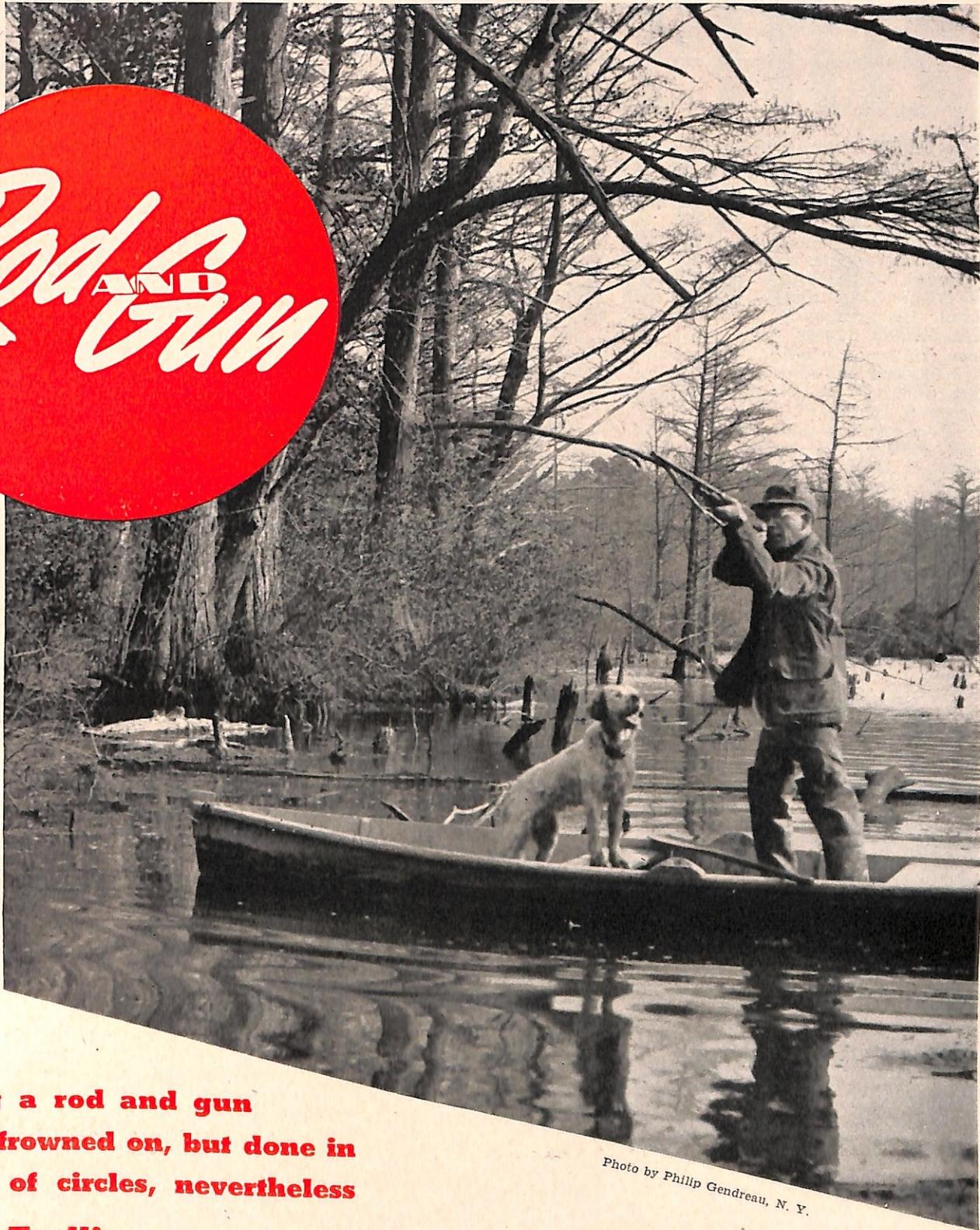
Mr. Faust is pretty dogmatic about children having purps. This may settle your dinner table arguments on the subject.

HERE has been a red-hot debate going on in the home of one of our readers and I hope that my answer to the lady's letter settled things satisfactorily. The question was, "Should they get a dog for Junior?" As this is a situation that is sure to arise at sometime or other in any home where there are youngsters, I believe that it's worth a play in these columns. In my letter to the questioning reader I advised against introducing a pup to the youngster. The technical head of the house was all set to get his little Willie a he-man Great Dane. The Managing Director raised her voice against any kind of dog whatsoever. Now, it isn't and never was your reporter's ambition to curry favor with any man's sparerib and the sole reason why I nixed the idea was because little William had only been in this Vale of Tears a scant four years. There was a bit of consideration, too, for the dog's living quarters—the family occupying one-half of a small suburban home, with a pocket-handkerchief backyard. To share this with a pooch as big as a Dane would be something like living with a horse. Tough on the dog, but worse for its owner as the years went on.

I don't want to seem dogmatic (no, I'm not trying to get punny), but I am very much against making a young child the master of Fido. This goes for some that are older as well. Students of child psychology will tell you that very young children have little understanding of cruelty. This may not be true for all, but it is for most. Bearing in mind that no other animal becomes so closely associated with its master as does the dog, it is easy to see how a pup can be made miserable if subjected to the whims and the ego of a very young child. A fully grown dog of middle-to-large size can take fairly good care of himself, although as puppies even the big fellows are pretty much babies themselves and as such are easily pushed around.

To those who are dallying with the idea of getting a pooch for a youngster let me say, "Don't, unless the child is at least eight years old. Ten would be better." If it is one of the smaller breeds you have in mind, fox terrier size, then hold off until the young one is about twelve. Now, most people who breed and sell dogs will tell you that I'm all wet about this. Naturally, they have their own special reasons. In my own experience I've bred a few dogs from time to time and have never knowingly sold a puppy into a home where there was a youngster who wasn't at least twelve years old, nor have I ever sold a dog that was less than three months old. Most of the strictly commercial kennels don't care a hoot either way, but fortunately there are many smaller breeders who are really fond of their dogs and sincerely anxious that they'll be well placed once they're sold.

Earlier I mentioned that some of
(Continued on page 52)



**Shooting a rod and gun
editor is frowned on, but done in
the best of circles, nevertheless**

By Ray Trullinger

YOU'VE all heard the old gag about the curvy cutie who, upon being introduced to a reporter, gushed, "It must be wonderful to be a newspaperman! You meet so many interesting people and have so many thrilling experiences!"

Interesting people! Experiences! Boy, could I write a book!

The statement probably will be disputed, but I'm convinced more amiable wacks follow rod and gun sports than any two other outdoor

pastimes you can mention, and that a hook and bullet writer meets 'em all, sooner or later. Via the mail, over the phone and, last but not least, in the field. Perhaps a little Maryland bird-hunting experience will best illustrate my point:

Four hunters, with your agent on the extreme left end of the skirmish line, were advancing through a patch of pines when a covey exploded directly in front of me and cut sharply to the left. By all rules of the book

Photo by Philip Gendreau, N. Y.

it was my shot; the others were out of range. Besides, it isn't considered good form to squirt a load of chilled 8s right past a partner's puss.

Unfortunately, however, it was the season's first chance and everybody had an itchy trigger finger. Shots blazed all along the line and several pellets from somebody's gun glanced off a pine and smacked your hero in the noggin directly over the right ear. They did no particular

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Captain Clough of the Interceptor Command learned that a pawn cleverly and daringly played will win more than a game of chess.

GROUP Captain Parker Clough fingered the black queen he had just captured and studied the face of the man on the other side of the board.

"Losing a queen never upset you before, Baron," he smiled.

Baron von Reichtor fidgeted, wiped his monocle and glanced toward the hotel. His gray eyes narrowed. His lips formed a pale scar across his face. He seemed to fight the impulse to look over his shoulder again before turning his attention to the pieces on the board.

"It is not the game, Parker," he said slowly. "I have that won. Watch." He moved a pawn to B-8. "Queen, checkmate." His face relaxed. For a moment he smiled.

Group Captain Clough studied the setup, shook his head and grinned. "Be dashed! Baited the trap with your queen and finished me off with a pawn. That's another one for you, Baron."

"Pawns are valuable if used aggressively," the baron said. He took a black notebook from the pocket of his tweed coat and made a notation with a little gold pencil. "Makes it two hundred ninety-three to seventy-seven. According to my record you were beaten by a pawn, July twelfth, thirty-six." The German slipped the pencil into its loop, closed the book and put it back in his pocket. "You are improving, Parker. But you appear to think only of the big pieces. Push your pawns more."

"A perfect demonstration," Parker Clough smiled good-naturedly. "How about another go?" He began to arrange the pieces.

The baron glanced toward the hotel and shook his head. "I fear there will be no time." He watched a white-aproned waiter hurrying across the gravel terrace.

"Not time to dress for dinner yet, is it?" the group captain asked without looking up.

The waiter came up, took a breath and bowed toward the German. "The telephone, Herr Baron. Berlin is calling."

The baron nodded. He was already out of his chair. "Two brandy and sodas, Rudolph . . . Excuse me, Parker, I will be back directly."

Parker Clough frowned while he watched the straight figure of his companion hurry toward the hotel. After a moment he turned back to the board, centered a white pawn on its square and then looked out across the valley.

The setting sun was draping a mantle of rose over the snowy shoulders of Jungfrau. Up the valley the echoing blare of an Alpine horn sounded as if summoning the sapphire shadows already creeping into the deep folds of the mountain.

Wood. For a moment he had been very lonesome. But the strange, loosely-knit chatter of a pair of Spandaus informed him he had company. Before he could herd his wits, a bullet found his petrol tank. A hiss, and his pressure went dud. His Clerget sputtered and conked while he fussed with the valve of the emergency tank.

A Fokker with red and green squares on its fuselage banked across his path as his prop stopped at six o'clock. He caught the glint of the setting sun in the pilot's goggles. The German was pointing toward the ground.

That was the moment his outfit located him. Vickers cracked down on the Fokker, blasting it with a swarm of lead. The German ship



staggered, fell off on one wing and recovered as the Mercedes in its coffin-like nose vomited a gob of black smoke.

Instead of one plane, two went down.

A smile crossed the group captain's face as he recalled the scene. Those were the days before chutes. If a man or his ship connected with a packet they went down, crashed together or weathered the storm to fight another day.

The Fokker had piled up just as he set his Camel down behind the enemy lines. While he unfastened his safety belt he first noticed the red smear spreading across the right leg of his Sidcot suit. When he tumbled out the leg folded under him and he had to crawl to the smoking Fokker. He'd reached it just in time

SPITFIRE GAMBIT

By F. E. Rechnitzer

"It is not the game, Parker.
I have that won. Watch."



to pull the unconscious German from the wreck before it blossomed into flame.

The German came around as the Camels roared over, heading west toward their field at Bertangles.

"You Britishers are soft, sentimental." His lips curled in a half sneer. "You should have burned your plane before attempting to save me. This is war, you know."

Parker Clough simply smiled and nodded toward the writhing Fokker. "Fair exchange. You can't use a Camel anyway . . . My name is Parker Clough. What is yours?"

"Baron von Reichtor," the German answered stiffly. "You were my forty-second, almost my last. Because you were sentimental I will live to shoot down other Englishmen . . . But I forget. Thank you for saving my life."

"Maybe it was the smell I was afraid of. Hate roasts," Clough grinned as the stretcher bearers hurried up to give them first aid.

The baron insisted they be taken to the same hospital. And during their convalescence von Reichtor taught his friendly enemy to play chess.

When the war came to its grim and bitter conclusion the two officers agreed to meet, whenever their leaves coincided, to continue their feud across the squared board.

They had both continued in the service. Parker Clough rose to the rank of Group Captain. Von Reichtor, through fanatical loyalty, became one of Göring's trusted leaders in the *Luftwaffe*.

While Parker Clough watched the play of light on the ice fields and reviewed the years since that sunset in 1918, the waiter placed the glasses on the table. He gave the British officer a puzzled look and hurried back to the hotel where rumors were flying thick as snow in December.

The Englishman moved the glasses so they flanked the syphon and turned back to watch the purple creep up the side of Jungfrau like an inky wash laid on by an invisible artist.

He turned when he heard the baron's thick-soled shoes on the gravel. He reached for the syphon. "Say when."

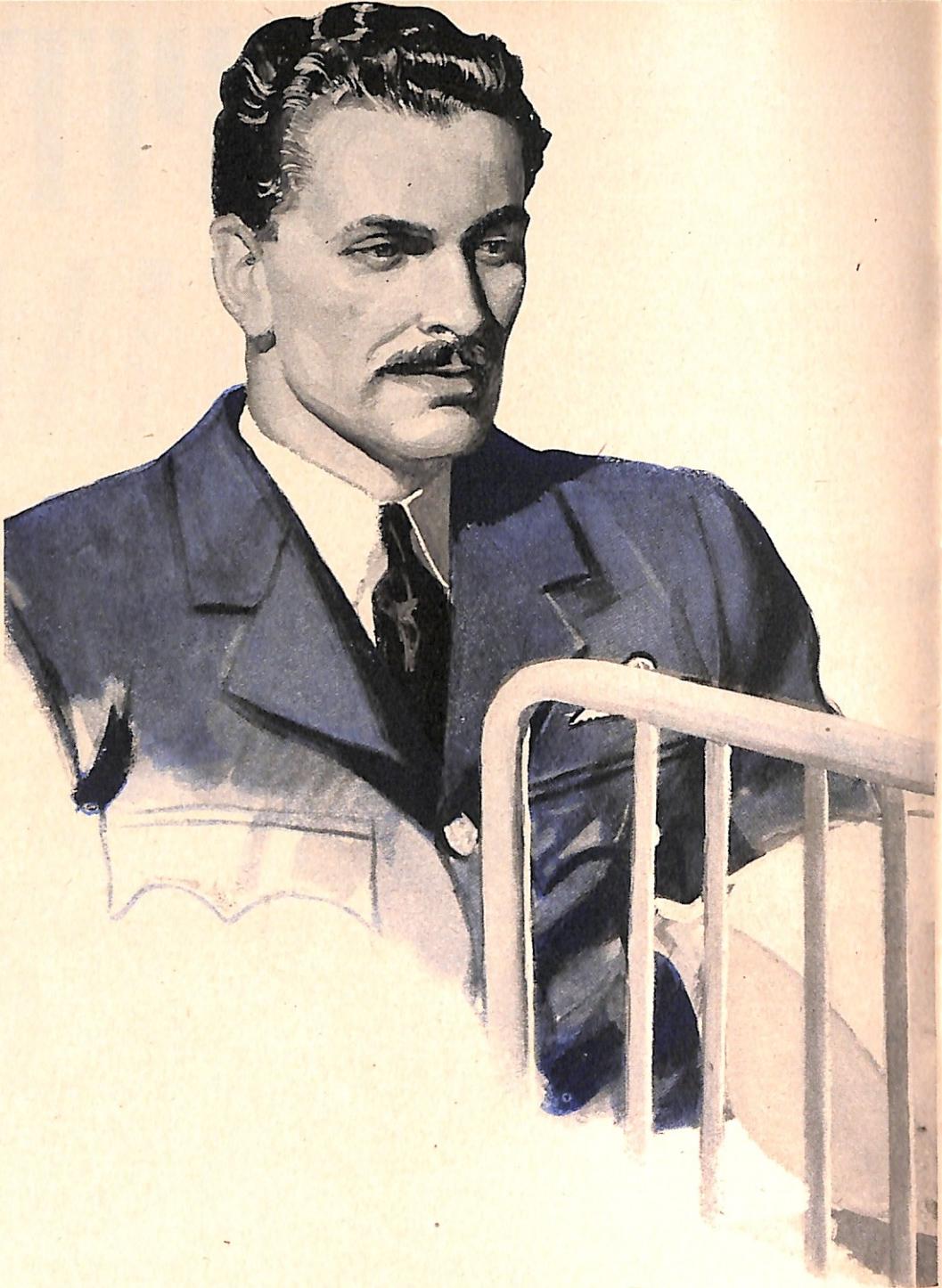
The baron's tongue crept across his thin lips. "You know by this time, Parker. No, wait! I will have it straight. It will be our last, our last together for a long time."

The Englishman pushed a glass toward the baron, steadied his hand and picked up his own. "You mean it's here?"

"Ja," The baron looked up at Jungfrau through the liquor. His hand was steady. "Berlin just called. All leaves have been cancelled. I am ordered back to my squadron."

The group captain set his glass down untasted. His hands moved across the chessboard. When they came away the pieces lay in a jumbled heap. "It's going to be like that . . . A bloody mess."

The German nodded. He moved



his glass toward his lips. The Englishman lifted his. For a second their eyes met across the damp rims.

"You will stay on?" von Reichtor asked when they put the glasses down.

The group captain shook his head. "I'll push off tonight. Hubert's getting married Sunday, you know. No use in waiting until Saturday now."

The baron watched night creep up the mountain. Already lights were twinkling in the deeper shadows of the valley. "Strange, is it not, Parker?" he said without looking at his companion. "We were lads when we met that evening. Now you have a son about to be married. How long has he had his wings?"

"About a year." The group captain's eyes softened. "Hope his luck is better than mine was. You pipped me before I got used to the smell of cordite. By the way, Baron. It's al-

ways been a bit of a puzzle to me why you haven't married. You have a title, money, looks and besides, you rank pretty high in the Party."

"Too busy for sentiment, Parker," the baron said quickly. "He has kept our noses in the mill."

The Englishman nodded, picked up his glass and let the last drop trickle on his tongue. "That word sentiment seems to stick in your craw, doesn't it? Remember, you accused me of being a sentimental Britisher the minute you opened your eyes that day."

The German snorted. "You English are not only sentimental, but you have grown soft, while we have grown hard . . . You envy me, I suspect."

Parker Clough tapped the toe of his right foot with his cane. "If you refer to my being tied to an administrative job by this leg, no. I

"Pukka little scramble, wasn't it?" Hubert said when Nora had calmed enough to be satisfied with holding his hand.



went into the other war dreaming of glory. Men like Ball, Mannock and Bishop were my idols. I'm older now, saner. Glory through the death of another man is not my game. Besides, I've got a son. If we should be drawn into this, he'll be up there."

"You would not wish glory for him?"

"I should want him to do his duty," Parker Clough's voice was steady. "But I would not wish to see him slavered over by hero worshippers because he had sent a dozen or so men to hell."

An incredulous look flashed across the baron's face. He got to his feet. "You English are queer. I cannot understand you."

"When are you leaving?" the group captain asked, to change the subject.

"My bags are packed. The car should be here any minute."

"Then this is goodbye?"

"No, *auf Wiedersehen*, as usual." The baron reached for the group captain's hand. "Allow me a sentimental moment. If England gets in I am glad I will not be meeting you up there."

Parker Clough said softly. "I'll be glad too, Baron."

The baron glanced at the tumbled chessmen. "Keep playing, Parker. Don't neglect your pawns. Someday we will meet across a board again."

Only the tip of Jungfrau showed red in the gathering dusk as the two men parted, each taking a different path, leaving the littered chessboard a symbol of things to come.

THE 'take post' sounded as Group Captain Parker Clough limped to his place on the balcony overlooking the plotting board in the control of 'B' Group Headquarters. An A.I.

officer handed him a report just torn from the clattering teletype as he sat down in the Controller's chair.

One of the W.A.A.F.'s, standing around the board like uniformed croupiers, glanced up at him and smiled.

He nodded, then frowned. *No business down there*, he thought. *Insist on her putting in for leave until it's over. Arrange to come back then if she wishes.*

Handing the report back to the Intelligence Officer, he looked down on the gleaming board below him. Should the raiders enter his sector he would be able to follow their course across the lines dividing the big map into numbered squares or areas of defense. Besides that, he would be enabled to coordinate his own defenses, sending his planes into harassed areas as they were needed.

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Editorial

Manila and Agana Lodges

AT THIS time there is no way to determine how many of our Brothers are in the armed forces of the Nation and much less can an estimate be made of those yet to volunteer and those to be drafted. We may rest assured the number is fully as large in proportion as those engaged in World War I when the showing was indeed creditable. In that war we lost no lodges, whereas in this one we have lost to date two lodges—Manila, P.I., and Agana, Guam. Their lodge rooms and club houses have been looted, ransacked and taken over by the Japs. If these vandals could only absorb the principles of justice and manhood which have been taught in the premises which they have taken over, we could accept the temporary loss with little or no regret. Our teachings of charity, justice and brotherly love are, however, so foreign to them that even hope is untenable that they may derive benefit from their association with the objects which now surround them. They may understand fidelity, but if so it is to principles which are foreign to our way of thinking and living.

Elks residing in the United States have eagerly watched and followed developments at Guam and Manila and extend their heartfelt sympathy to their fellow members in distress but are powerless to do more than to join the Grand Exalted Ruler in his effort to preserve their membership in the Order. He promptly issued an executive order authorizing the Grand Secretary to issue a certificate to any member of either of these two lodges so that those now residing in

the jurisdiction of a subordinate lodge may join such lodge as on a transfer limit. The future of these lodges must await the termination of the war and the action of the Grand Lodge.

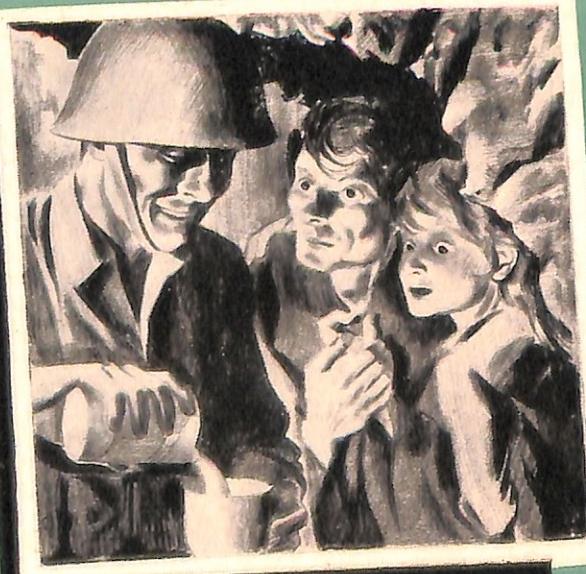
Youth in the Service

IN TIMES past, parents have eagerly anticipated seeing their children graduate from high schools and colleges and devote themselves to preparing for useful lives. In these war days the situation is quite different as graduation frequently means to boys that they may be drafted and to girls that they will be solicited to join war work in some capacity, aiding in the production of armament. It is only natural that parents are less inclined to rejoice over graduation ceremonies than formerly.

There is, however, another side to the picture which is drab or colorful, depending on how it is viewed and accepted. The opportunity to serve our Government in the present crisis is appealing to all boys and girls who are inspired by the same motives which led their fathers and mothers to defend our country when its destruction was threatened by tyrants as it is now. No parent can be proud of a son or daughter who refuses or hesitates to do what he or she can to protect our country from the grasp of those who are bent on its destruction and the enslavement of our people.

The indications at the present time are that the draft age is to be lowered to include those eighteen and nineteen years of age. This will mean that many graduates will leave schools and colleges for training camps. The lowering of the draft ages, however, will probably not be effective before sometime next year and that men so young will be deferred until those who are older are drafted. Hope still clings that the war will be over before these young men are called to the colors.

Boys of eighteen and nineteen make good soldiers. In the regrettable conflict between the States the average age of the men at arms was less than nineteen. On each side they fought courageously and valiantly. In this war their courage and



valor will be enhanced as they will be fighting side by side for a cause in which all are equally interested and equally determined to win. If they are called, let us pray God to protect them and return them to us unharmed.

A Novel Plan

NO T infrequently, lodges realizing their opportunity to do something to stimulate interest in the Order hit on some new and novel plan which might be adopted by other lodges with profit to their members. If advised as to any such plan we are glad to mention it in the hope that other lodges may be thus encouraged to give it a trial.

Brother Samuel P. Block when elected Exalted Ruler of Compton, California, Lodge, No. 1570, appointed an "Elks Magazine and Education Committee", hoping thereby to stimulate interest in reading our Magazine and generally causing the members to post themselves as to the affairs of the Order. To this end the Committee prepared and monthly sent a list of ten questions to each member, together with a printed card for the answers, the card being arranged by numbers to correspond with the numbers of the questions. For example, the list of questions will read: No. 1. What two lodges have been by this war deprived of their communication with Elkdom? The corresponding answer card should read: No. 1. Agana No. 1281 and Manila No. 761.

Such questions can be multiplied ad lib and the answers will readily be known to anyone who reads the Magazine. Thus interest in the Magazine is created. Members are quickened as to their knowledge of affairs of the Order and information of general interest is disseminated. As an added inducement, prizes may be awarded for correct answers.

Democracy at Work

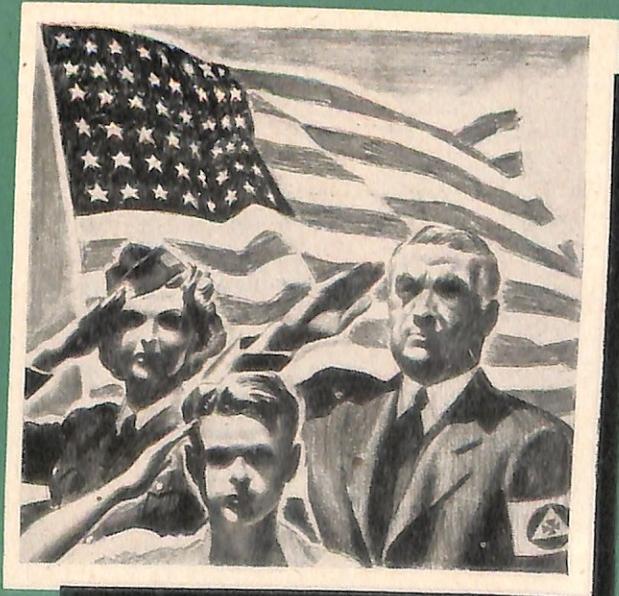
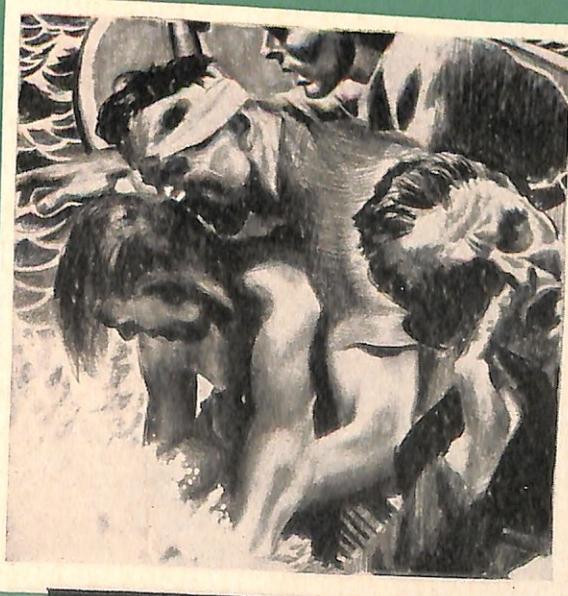
THOSE who have asserted that democracy is impotent to make effective the will of the people have three outstanding examples to the contrary.

The Congress voted pensions to its members and to a long list of other public officials. It was not a partisan issue but was supported by members of both parties, not unanimously to be sure, but in sufficient numbers to be enacted into law. Then the people came into the picture, supported by the press, with protests so pronounced that the law was repealed. On the final showdown only five members of the Senate and seven members of the House voted against repeal of the law which the people disapproved with practical unanimity. Score 1 for the potency of the people in a democracy.

The Congress voted a large sum of money for the Office of Civilian Defense. No strings were attached to the expenditure of this money but the people were of the opinion that it was to be devoted to protecting the country against the effect of foreign invasion. Those charged with this responsibility apparently accepted it as a license to apply the money to uses which the people did not recognize as within the purpose for which the appropriation was made. Again the people registered their protest against what they regarded as boondoggling and a sheer waste of public funds. As a result the O. C. D. was reorganized and the alleged waste by it of public funds halted. This fight is not entirely over but it is apparent that the boondoggling has been stopped and that the money will be applied to the purpose for which it was intended. Score another one for the potency of the people in a democracy.

Then the suggestion was made that three hundred million dollars should be appropriated out of the treasury to pay wages to those who temporarily were thrown out of work by the change of plants from commercial to war uses and purposes. The people were unable to see the wisdom or the necessity of so using their funds and again effectively registered their protest. The appropriation was not made. Score still another point for the potency of the people in a democracy.

These are gratifying indications that the Congress is at long last beginning to realize that it is subject to the will of the people and that this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people.





A Color Escort from Fort Omaha, carrying the Flags of the 28 United Nations as it appeared in the parade held to celebrate the Omaha Convention.

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

IN OMAHA, Nebraska, at 8 P. M. on Monday, July 13, 1942, Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland officially opened the 78th meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. The preceding Sunday, an extraordinarily large number of Grand Lodge delegates from all over the United States had begun to appear at the Hotel Fontenelle in Omaha to register for their credentials. In view of the fact that this Convention of the Grand Lodge was a War Convention, to be devoted almost entirely to that business of the Order which was relative to the war effort, the meeting was well attended even by members of the Order who were not obligated to put in an appearance at the business meetings. It was estimated that

between ten and twelve thousand Elks and their ladies converged upon this hub city of the Middle West to attend one of the most important meetings that the Order has ever held.

In addition to the thousands of members of subordinate lodges who were present, there were some two hundred District Deputies, Grand Lodge Committee Chairmen and Grand Lodge officers registered.

There were fewer social activities held during this meeting than the Grand Lodge is accustomed to hold during its annual meetings. This business-like character of the Convention, however, had been stressed previously, and those delegates who attended were in no way disappointed by the stream-lined aspect of

the Convention. The business meetings in particular drew the attention of the visitors and, indeed, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838, mentioned at the Thursday Business Session that, in his memory this was the most heavily attended Thursday meeting of the Grand Lodge.

One of the most important social events held during this Convention was an elaborate dinner given, on Sunday evening previous to the opening of the Convention, by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and Mrs. McClelland for four hundred District Deputies and Grand Lodge members at the Blackstone Hotel.

During the entire week of the Convention there were many excursions planned for Omaha's visitors. One of the most notable of these was a visit to Father Flanagan's Boys Town, eleven miles west of the city proper. This famous institution was visited by hundreds of Elks and proved to be no disappointment to those who knew its history through published stories and the motion pictures.

The Ritualistic Contest which was held on Monday and Tuesday of the Convention week was reported in last month's issue of the Magazine in the Grand Lodge Convention Report. In a spirited contest, Riverside, Calif., Lodge, No. 643, won first prize of \$500 with a score of



Left: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley congratulates Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan on his election.

Right is the Skeet and Trapshoot Team of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lodge, with the Calvert Trophy which they won in the Convention Tournament.

98.35 percent, which is the highest score ever attained in a similar contest. The second prize was taken by Decorah, Ia., Lodge, No. 443, with 97.37 percent, and Painesville, Ohio, Lodge, No. 549, took third honors with 97.22 percent. Wakefield, Mass., Lodge No. 1276, scoring 97.07 percent; Niles, Mich., Lodge, No. 1322, 96.99 percent, and Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, 96.88 percent took fourth, fifth and sixth places, respectively. Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, won seventh place with 96.80 percent, while West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, took eighth spot with 96.44 percent. Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, rolled up the score of 96.33 percent for ninth place, nosing out Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, which took tenth place honors with the score of 96.21 percent. Topeka, Kans., Lodge, No. 204, won eleventh place with 94.84 percent, and Grand Island, Neb., Lodge, No. 604, took twelfth place with the score of 94.64 percent.

The Skeet and Trapshooting Contest, which was enthusiastically attended, took place at the Omaha Gun Club in East Omaha and was won by Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lodge, No. 251, with a team

Right are five members of Alaska lodges who made the long trip to the Convention. They are Arthur Adams and D.D. W. P. Scott of Juneau; F. G. Hanford of Wrangell; Fred West of Ketchikan and Eugene Smith of Anchorage.

Below are eight members of the War Commission. Left to right, standing, are Past Grand Exalted Rulers David Sholtz, Judge James T. Hallinan, John R. Coen, Joseph G. Buch, and, seated, Henry C. Warner, Chairman James R. Nicholson, John S. McClelland and Edward J. McCormick. The ninth member of the Commission, Emmett T. Anderson, of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, was not present when the picture was made.



average of 93.4. Despite a high wind, the Cedar Rapids crew broke 467 out of 500 rocks. Perry, Ia., Lodge, No. 407, finished second with 437. Fourteen teams competed. Members of the Cedar Rapids team are C. E. Heaton, F. A. Brookhiser, Sid Sankot, G. R. High and C. H. Chapman.

High singles went to F. L. Hoonagle, of Perry, Ia., Lodge, who broke 99. In the 23-yard handicap, Mr. Hoffnagle was

first with 147. Mr. High won the doubles with 48 out of 50. The Calvert Trophy was awarded to the Cedar Rapids team by Saul A. Kurlin, State Manager of the Calvert Distillers Corporation.

OPENING SESSION

The impressive Opening Session of this vital meeting of the Grand Lodge was presented with befitting ceremony



Left is the Degree Team of Riverside, Calif., Lodge which won the National Ritualistic Contest.

Below, left: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles H. Grakelow and John F. Malley, Elks National Foundation Trustees, are shown with the winners of the first and second scholarship awards, Malcolm Berman and Viola Boeder.



in the Paramount Theatre in Omaha.

"Have faith in your soldiers, in yourselves and in your Government." These were the words of United States Senator Clyde L. Herring of Iowa, who addressed more than 2,000 members of the Order, as well as countless Americans who heard his speech over a nation-wide radio hook-up.

In his address, Senator Herring reminded his hearers that in these times tempers are often short and those who criticize cannot be blamed because the feeling is the natural result of deep concern. He asked his listeners to "remember that men in Congress and those in other branches of the Government have their own sons and relatives in this war and are as deeply concerned as any other American in doing whatever is possible

and necessary to win, and win soon".

"We have made sacrifices and shall be called upon to make many more," he said. "One does not like to be told that he can have but so much sugar; and, down in the eastern part of the country, that he can have but so much gasoline and that he must drive slowly and conserve tires; but if our sacrifices are limited merely to money, worry and personal inconvenience, we should not complain."

This important opening program of the Convention was called to order by Chairman Judge James M. Fitzgerald, of Omaha Lodge, Chief Justice of the

Below: Some of the jeeps which appeared in the Convention parade.

Grand Forum. The Omaha Elks Glee Club sang "The Star Spangled Banner", and the invocation was asked by Grand Chaplain Reverend Father P. H. McGeough, of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, No. 1110. Father McGeough's prayer was followed by an overture, "Morning, Noon and Night", by the Elks Symphony Orchestra.

A rousing welcome on behalf of Omaha Lodge was offered to the 2,000 Elks assembled by Exalted Ruler Fred W. Evinger, after several other musical selections, one of which was a baritone solo by Walter Jenkins, of Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge, No. 531. Past Exalted Ruler Mayor Dan B. Butler offered on behalf of the City of Omaha a welcome to the thousands of Elks who were meeting in the City. Governor Dwight Griswold also welcomed the delegates on the part of the State of Nebraska.

One of the concluding addresses of the program was delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland, who announced that since the attack on Pearl Harbor, thousands of members of the Order of Elks have joined the armed forces. He said, "Elks on the home front have been no less active than their brethren in the services. They have assumed leadership in all civilian activities designed for victory; nor have they forgotten their fellows in the field. The Elks War Commission, zealously prosecuting the interests of the Order in this wartime, and the men whose lives have been most affected by it, also has offered Elks in our territorial possessions residence for their children in the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., for the duration, if and when they are evacuated to the United States for safety."

Among the distinguished Elks on the stage were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin, (Continued on page 56)





ELKS FRATERNAL CENTER

APPROVED
ELKS WAR COMMISSION

THE WELCOME SIGN IS OUT!

"There it is, boys! Now for the kind of welcome and good fellowship we always got at home!"

Yes, that's the kind of talk you're sure to hear when our members serving in the armed forces spot the Elks Fraternal Center emblem which is reproduced above. In full color—the red, white and blue of our Flag, the traditional brown of the noble Elks head and with purple lettering on a bright yellow background—this emblem hanging in front of Elks Club houses or placed in their windows will proclaim to our Brothers in uniform in dozens of cities and towns adjacent to military and naval establishments that Elkdom never forgets its own—that traditional Elk hospitality awaits within.

The Elks Fraternal Center plan of the Elks War Commission is one of the most important and far-reaching projects Elkdom has ever undertaken. Through the direct interest and financial support of your War Commission, lodges located near the larger training centers will be enabled to play the role of bountiful host to the thousands of our Brothers in uniform and away from their own homes and normal environments. Heretofore many lodges so located have found it physically and financially impossible to provide hospitality for Brother

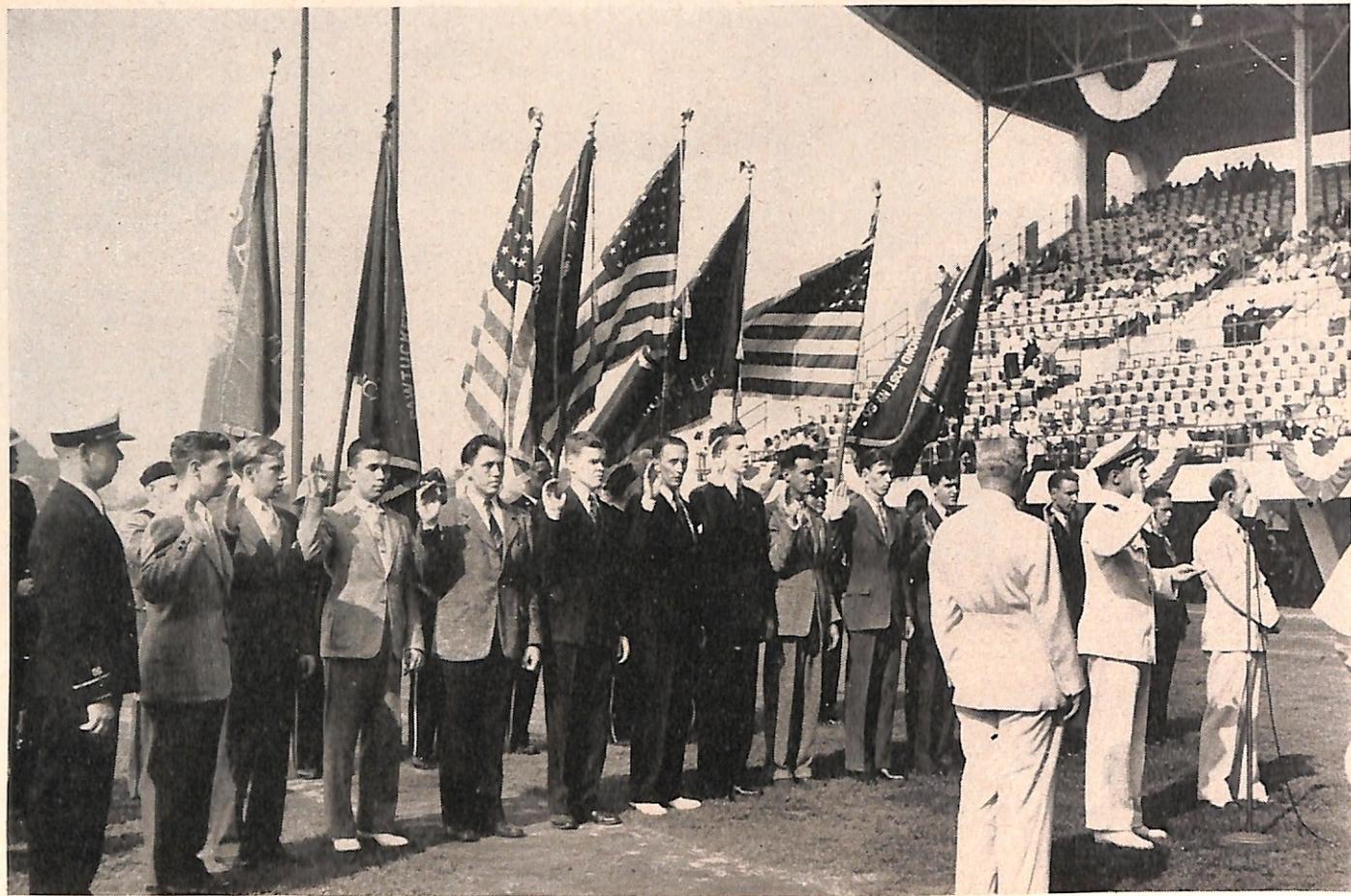
Elks and their friends stationed at nearby camps. But under the Elks War Commission's program of approving plans of individual lodges for turning their club houses into Elks Fraternal Centers and granting them financial assistance in keeping with their requirements, every Elk in uniform will be assured a welcome to make him glad and proud he is an Elk and a place to which he can take his non-Elk friends. Many lodges which do not require financial support will display the emblem as an open invitation to Elks in uniform.

The Grand Lodge in session at Omaha voted to contribute voluntarily \$500,000 to the Elks War Commission to further its plans and programs in behalf of the war effort. The Elks Fraternal Center program is but one project of your War Commission—a very necessary one, indeed, if we are to keep faith with our members who are offering their all in this gigantic battle for Freedom. The "Keep 'Em Flying" program will soon be greatly intensified with new plans for the participation of many more lodges and in numerous other ways the War Commission, representing the entire body of Elkdom, will follow in the grand traditions of the Order in rendering service to our Government and all mankind.

Harrisburg, Pa. Canteen Service maintained by Lodge No. 12 of Harrisburg.

Norwich, Conn. Lodge No. 430 has gone all out for hospitality.





Pawtucket, R. I. Lodge's Unit No. 1 of the Naval Aviation Cadets being sworn in by Mayor Thomas P. McCoy, Ensign John C. Edgren of the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board and John E. Silke, Chairman of the Pawtucket Elks War Commission.

Under the antlers



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Terre Haute, Ind., Elks Observe Their Lodge's Golden Anniversary

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, opened its 50th Anniversary Celebration on Tuesday evening, June 9, with a special Elks' church service at St. Stephens Episcopal Church, conducted by the lodge chaplain, minister of the church. The 50th Anniversary Class of 14 candidates was initiated during a special lodge session on Wednesday

Left is a float entered by Ridgewood, N.J., Lodge in the Fourth of July Parade publicizing the campaign for the establishment of an emergency hospital in the lodge home.

Right are Elks of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge who, in the face of a serious shortage of farm labor, aided in the harvesting of crops in their area.

Below, right, is the float of Greeley, Colo., Lodge which won first prize in the Spud Rodeo Parade. The float reported "68 Elks in the armed forces".

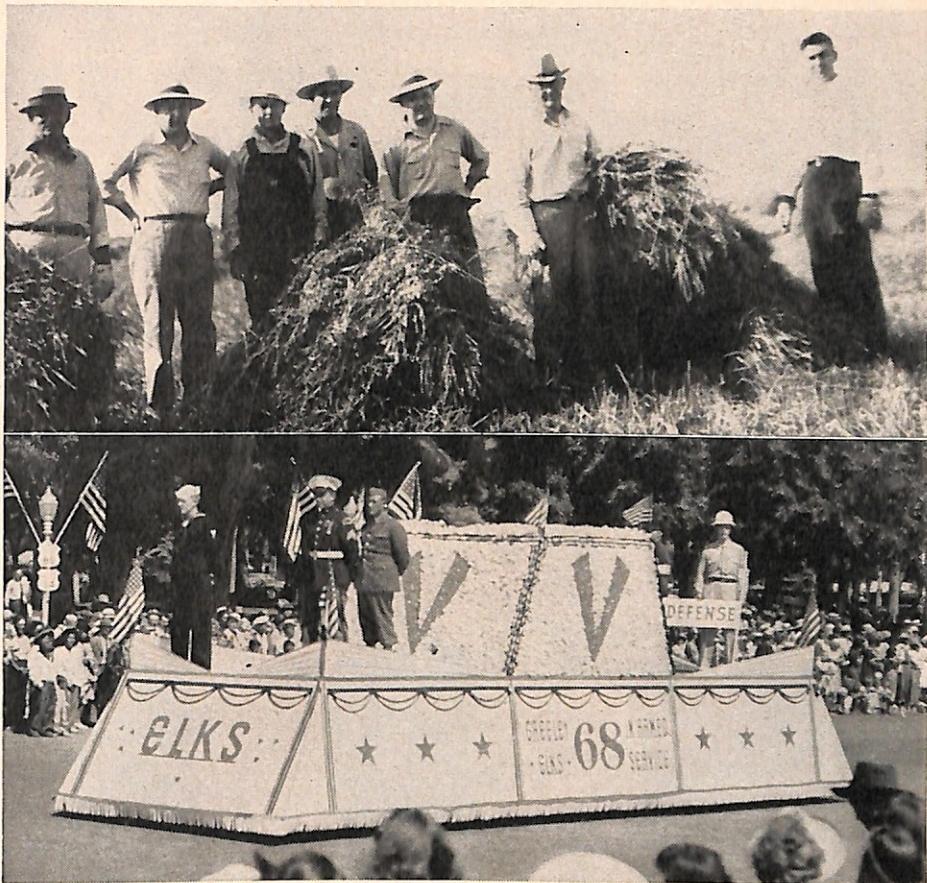
night. The first Exalted Ruler of Terre Haute Lodge, Captain A. C. Duddleston, opened the meeting which he then turned over to Past Exalted Rulers who served several years ago.

An Elks Stag, well attended, was held at the Elks' Fort Harrison Country Club on Thursday afternoon and evening. A Friday afternoon party was given for the Elks' ladies and their guests, followed by a buffet supper in the beautiful, air conditioned club rooms of the lodge home. A large crowd of Elks and ladies attended the supper and the evening party. On Saturday night, a dance was given by the lodge at the Fort Harrison Country Club.

The anniversary program was concluded on Sunday with an Exposition at the Memorial Stadium. Approximately 7,500 persons attended. From noon until two o'clock, contests were held for majorettes, drum and bugle corps and bands. Prizes were given for the best exhibitions. Promptly at two, the grand entry parade began. Thirty men and women on horseback, floats, bands, drum and bugle corps, patriotic organizations and Boy and Girl Scouts participated. Major Donald Crisp and Second Lieutenant Gale Sondergaard of the W. A. A. C., nationally known movie celebrities from Hollywood, assisted in selling War Bonds and Stamps. The Honorable Harold F. Van Orman, former Lieutenant Governor of Indiana, was the principal speaker. Three hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars worth of Bonds and Stamps were sold. The officers of Terre Haute Lodge conducted a beautiful and appropriate service at the Stadium.

Right: Prominent New Jersey Elks are shown as they sold \$50,000 worth of War Bonds to an anonymous member of the Order of Elks. Third from left is former Governor A. Harry Moore.

Below is a class of candidates recently initiated into Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge. Among those inducted were 20 commissioned Army officers of the 753rd Engineers Battalion.



Port Huron, Mich., Lodge Sends Gifts to Members in the Service

Port Huron, Mich., Lodge, No. 343, is looking after the welfare of members of the lodge serving in the Nation's armed forces. The lodge is carrying out a two-fold program through which it sends copies of *The Times Herald* daily and "friendly gift packages" from time to time containing such articles as tooth

paste, shaving cream, razor blades, cigarettes, candy and shoe polish.

The War Committee reports that the newspapers and gifts are being received with keen satisfaction judging from the tone of the many letters of appreciation received. In charge of the work are Chairman E. J. McCormick and the members of his committee, E.R. Murel Boucher and Secretary Patrick H. Burns.





Left is the championship bowling team of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, winner of the local Fraternal League tournament in which twelve teams competed.



Below, left: Members of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge are shown with Commander R. H. G. Matthews, Indiana Naval Recruiting Chief, and other recruiting officers, as they organized Fort Wayne Lodge's "Man-A-Month Navy Recruiting Drive".

there. All leading periodicals are kept on hand, writing material is furnished free and a juke box and a radio have been installed. More than 2,000 young men have signed the register since the work was begun.

This splendidly handled division of Paducah Lodge's war work is completely financed by home gifts. Letters expressing gratitude for their fine treatment come in from men who have been sent elsewhere, in some cases far distant, and the lodge has been cordially thanked by General Maynard, commanding officer at Tyson.

Hancock, Mich., Lodge Holds an Impressive Initiatory Ceremony

One of the most impressive events in the history of Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, occurred recently when Ensign Bernard J. Verville, of the U.S.S. *Shaw*, a son of Archie J. Verville, a life member of the lodge, and Corporal Norman E. Francis, of the Army Air Corps, a son of P.E.R. Joseph C. Francis, were initiated in a special ceremony. All of the many Elks present in the lodge room were deeply affected by the beautiful exemplification of the Ritual and the patriotic significance of the occasion.

During the shelling at Pearl Harbor, Ensign Verville was stationed on the bridge of his ship, a destroyer. Responding to an order in the heat of the engagement, he changed his position a few seconds before a bomb landed on the spot he had occupied, blasting the deck to scrap iron. With other members of the ship's company, he was forced to dive into the burning oil covering the surface of the water. On the swim to shore, he suffered burns and also wounds from flying debris. The

Paducah, Ky., Elks Use Home For Special Canteen Work

For nearly six months Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, has acted as host to hundreds of soldiers and coast guardsmen from army camps and boats anchored nearby. Most of the soldier guests come seventy-two miles from Camp Tyson, Tenn., to enjoy the lodge's hospitality. As there is no camp and consequently no provision for visiting men,

the Elks have turned over the entire second floor of their home, including the spacious lodge hall, for canteen work. The local chapter of the Red Cross cooperates and members of the canteen committee are on duty daily. The boys stream in on weekends, enjoy informal dancing with selected young hostesses and are treated to soft drinks and smokes. One room has been converted into a rest room with cots, and hundreds of soldiers have snatched their "forty winks"



Left: E. Mark Sullivan, present Grand Exalted Ruler, congratulates his son, Lt. Brian Sullivan of Camp Hulen, Texas, who was recently initiated into Houston, Tex., Lodge.

Below: Elks of Union, N. J., Lodge present a plaque to D.D. John J. Albize, of the N. J. Central District.



prow of the destroyer was blown off in the explosion of the magazines, but after temporary repairs had been made, the crew brought the ship across the Pacific to a west coast navy yard. The feat was acclaimed in the press and the personnel was commended. Ensign Verville was granted a furlough to visit his home while his ship was in dry dock.

Corporal Francis, former newspaperman, enlisted at the first call for volunteers. His advancement has been steady since he joined the air arm of the Service.

Portsmouth, O., Lodge Aids In Sales on War Bond Day

As a surprise move which helped to swell the already tremendous sales made during the celebration of "War Bond Day" in Portsmouth, Ohio, Portsmouth Lodge No. 154 purchased \$10,000 worth of Bonds from Miss Marlene Dietrich who accepted the check on behalf of the U. S. Treasury Department. The transaction took place at the Elks' Country Club where E.R. John Ames and P.E.R. Edmund Kricker, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, were hosts for the lodge at a supper in honor of Miss Dietrich and her party, Major Charles S. Robinson of the Fifth Corps Area Quartermaster Corps and his soldiers who drove a caravan of army jeeps to the city for the celebration, and the members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce Committee under whose direction the program was arranged.

In the Municipal Stadium that evening, Miss Dietrich, acting for the Treasury Department, presented to Mayor Harold Clayton the first "master certificate" awarded in Ohio for "excellent citywide participation" in the War Bond program, and thanked Mr. Kricker and Mr. Ames for the check issued by the lodge for its \$10,000 purchase. A total of \$187,500 was invested in Bonds by citizens of Scioto County during the celebration.

Right: As part of "War Bond Day" in Portsmouth, Ohio, Portsmouth Lodge purchased \$10,000 worth of Bonds from Miss Marlene Dietrich, shown with E.R. John Ames and P.E.R. Edmund Kricker.

Below are Air Wardens who were entertained at a dinner given by Saranac Lake, N.Y., Lodge.



Recent Activities of Elks and Antlers at Kingman, Arizona

A dinner was given in honor of D.D. Archie K. Beard, of Jerome Lodge, on the occasion of his official visit to Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468. The dinner was attended by P.D.D.'s W. O. Ruggles, Paul H. Morton, Carl G. Krook and Charles A. Dutton, all of Kingman Lodge, and the lodge officers.

Kingman Lodge sponsors the only Antlers Lodge in the State of Arizona. Members of the organization carry on numerous activities for the boys of the community. Proceeds of the Victory Dance which they promoted recently were used for the purchase of War Bonds. Their annual picnic for members and girl friends was held this year at

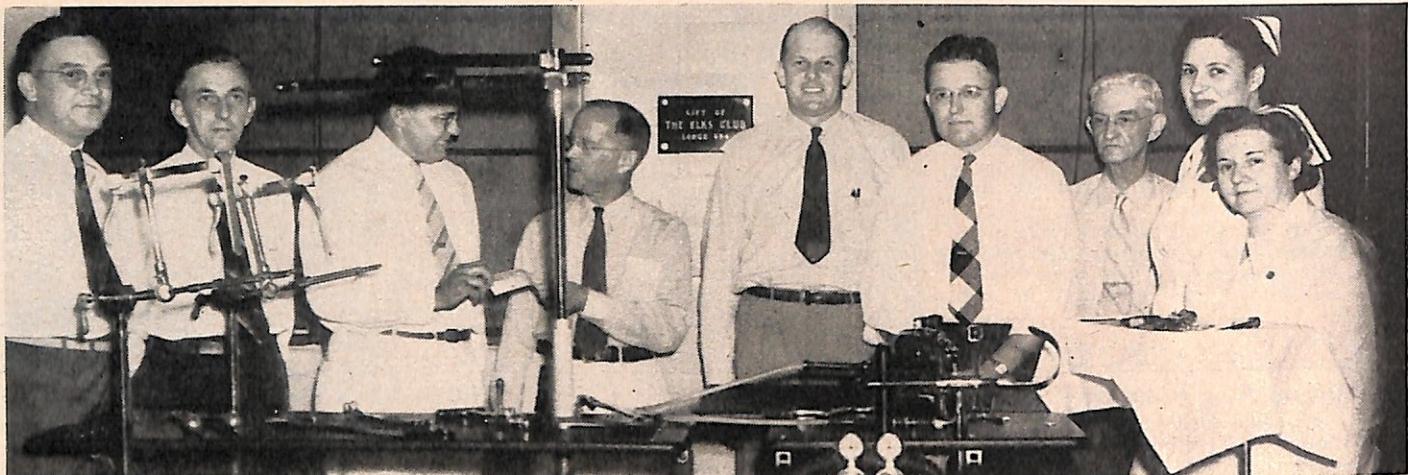
Above is a small portion of the large number of Elks from Bellingham, Wash., Lodge who were present at the Lodge's Bond Rally.

Walapai Mountain Park near Kingman. A Fathers and Sons Banquet held by the Antlers Lodge was so successful that it was voted to make the banquet an annual affair. Charles E. Long, Chairman of the local Antlers Council, has been elected State Antlers Councilor by the Arizona State Elks Association.

Greybull, Wyo., Lodge Sponsors Drive in USO War Fund Campaign

The local drive in connection with the USO War Fund Campaign covering Greybull and the immediate vicinity





was sponsored by Greybull, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1431. A total of \$390 was collected against a set quota of \$234.

P.E.R. C. H. Durkee, who served as Chairman of the Elks Committee as well as local chairman selected by the USO, was mainly responsible for the successful result. Able assistance was given by a large number of members of the lodge. C. A. Zaring, a member of No. 1431 who resides at Basin, Wyo., was District Chairman, covering Big Horn County. His report showed that all divisions of the district went well over their quotas. All who were contacted responded quickly and liberally, while a great many people sent voluntary donations after they learned of the drive through newspaper advertisements and broadcasts.

Minot, N. D., Elks Aid Navy In Campaign for Recruits

Climaxing its third major war effort since last December, Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, cooperating with officials of the U. S. Navy, staged a program which resulted in the enlistment of 74 men. The recruits were enlisted from a class of 104 candidates who took the examination. Thirty-nine took flight examinations and 32 were successful in passing the tests.

The mass examination followed an intensive recruiting campaign in the Minot vicinity sponsored by the local Elks War Commission of which P.E.R. T. J. McGrath is Chairman. Chief D. W. Frisch, head of the Navy recruiting office in Minot, W. E. Balsukot, Secretary of the local lodge, and C. O. Korbal, a member, made several trips to surrounding communities in the interest of the campaign, an outstanding feature of which was the participation of a Navy amphibian plane from the Wold-Chamberlain field at Minneapolis, Minn. Gervais Manning, of Dickinson, N. D., Lodge, Chairman of the State Elks War Commission, and

Above are members of Rome, Ga., Lodge, shown as they presented a \$1,500 fracture table to Floyd County Hospital.

William Brown, Secretary of the lodge, were present for the examinations which were the first of their kind ever held in North Dakota by the Navy.

E. Mark Sullivan Attends His Son's Initiation at Houston, Tex.

E. Mark Sullivan, now Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, was the speaker at patriotic services held by Houston,

Tex., Lodge, No. 151, on June 13th in the Miller Memorial Theatre. Hundreds of citizens attended. Mr. Sullivan's address was broadcast. A parade by the Texas Defense Guard units of Houston and a colorful drill by Houston Lodge's attractive Elkadette Corps preceded the program. Music was provided by the Elk Ranger Band directed by C. G. Risley. Abner L. Lewis, Jr., was the soloist.

MOVING PICTURE OF ELKS NATIONAL HOME, BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

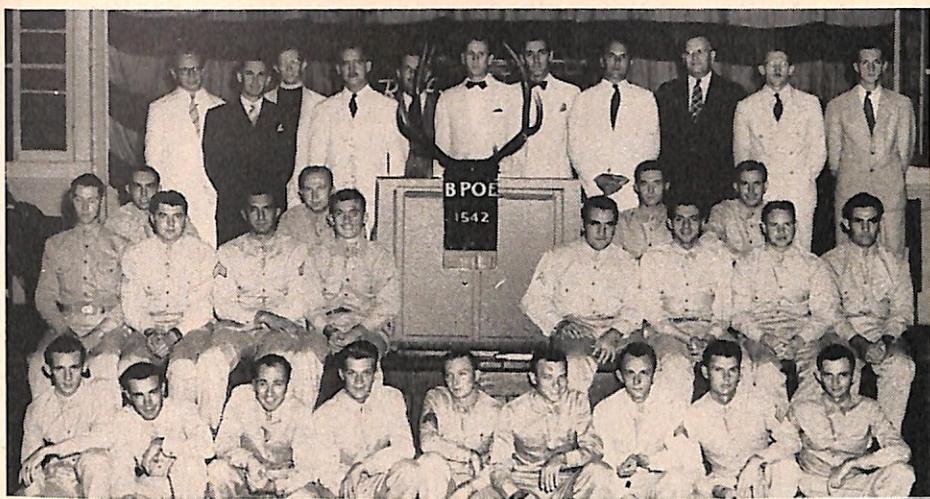
The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any Lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

Right: Bellows Falls, Vt., Lodge unfurls its three flags to the breeze—its Service Flag of 18 stars, the American Flag and the Elks Banner.

Below are Grand Lodge Officers, as well as officers of Washington, D. C., Lodge, who participated in the dedication ceremonies of Washington Lodge's new clubroom.





Left are the Exalted Ruler and officers of Cristobal, C.Z., Lodge, members of the faculty of the "Refresher Course" and a part of the class of 77 students who recently successfully completed the course. The lodge is now engaged in a third course, with 65 students registered.

Below, left: D.D. Archie K. Beard of Jerome, Ariz., Lodge is shown at a dinner with members and officials of Kingman Lodge on the occasion of his recent official visit there.

Leading Elks Dedicate Lodge Room for Washington, D.C., Lodge

District Deputy Charles G. Hawthorne, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, officiated at ceremonies dedicating the newly reconstructed lodge room in the home of Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15, some weeks ago. P.E.R. Philip U. Gayaut, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, delivered the principal address. Past Exalted Rulers of Washington Lodge, chosen to act as Grand Lodge officers assisting Mr. Hawthorne, were John E. Lynch, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, John D. Fitzgerald, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Allen J. Duval, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, David J. Laporte, Grand Esquire, and L. Martin Young, Grand Chaplain. Nathan Weill, President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association, arranged their participation.

The ceremonies preceded the regular lodge meeting after which a buffet supper was served. The officers of Washington Lodge gave a dinner for Mr. Hawthorne before the service. Construction of the new lodge room became a necessity when the lodge turned over an entire floor of its home to the U. S. Army Air Corps Examining Board to be used without charge for the duration of the war.

Four members of No. 15, Committee Chairmen Fred W. Berger, Ellis Klein, Arthur A. Connelly (for 1941-42) and Roy M. Perry (1940-41), were selected to receive awards for meritorious service to the Order at the conclusion of the dedication ceremonies. Serving on the committee appointed by the Exalted



On the evening before the services were held, Mr. Sullivan spoke at a special meeting of Houston Lodge during which a class of 25 candidates was initiated. Mr. Sullivan's son, Lieutenant Brian Sullivan of Camp Hulen, Texas,

was a member of the class. The degree work was conducted by Exalted Ruler L. J. Kubena and his officers, but the obligation was administered by Mr. Sullivan. The meeting was followed by a social hour.



Left are shown some of the refugees of a recent flood as they were cared for by the Berks County Chapter of the Red Cross in the home of Reading, Pa., Lodge.

Below are recruits for the U.S. Naval Aviation Corps as they were photographed during a recent examination held in the lodge rooms of Minot, N.D., Lodge. This is the third group of recruits organized by Minot Lodge.





Left is an emergency ambulance recently added to the Red Cross equipment of Charleston, S.C., as a gift from Charleston Lodge; along with the ambulance went a check for \$100 to be used for additional equipment.

Below, left, are members of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge and ladies, shown in the canteen opened by the Lodge for servicemen.

close friends for years and members of the Order since their early twenties. The boys are also good friends and are graduates of the same high school. They were presented by their fathers with diamond studded gold lapel emblems.

Shortly after members of No. 155 mobilized for a Navy recruiting campaign to assist local recruiting officers in stimulating enlistments in the U. S. Navy, the Fort Wayne District found itself leading the State. An increase in enlistments was a direct result of the enthusiastic efforts put forth by the Elks who attended the meeting.

Twenty U. S. Army Officers Are Initiated by Bucyrus, O., Lodge

The last regular meeting in June held by Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 156, was marked by one of the most impressive initiations in the lodge's history. Twenty commissioned Army officers of the 753rd Engineers Battalion stationed at Camp Crawford, Bucyrus, were among the members of the class.

The initiatory work was splendidly performed by the Degree Team from Columbus Lodge No. 37. A banquet preceded the ceremonies. Practically every lodge in the Ohio North Central District was represented and several State officers and Grand Lodge members attended. Colonel C. W. Wallace of Columbus Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and D.D. Clyde G. Church, Mount Vernon, Ohio, Lodge, were among those present.

Fairbury, Nebraska, Elks Aid Farmers in Harvesting Crops

Farmers of Jefferson County, Nebraska, with one of the largest grain crops in years ready to be harvested, found themselves in midsummer faced with a serious shortage of farm labor. Fairbury Lodge No. 1203 was one of the organizations which responded promptly to an emergency call sent in to the Chamber of Commerce for assistance in the shocking of some 350 acres of grain in the immediate area.

Many leading citizens spent their evenings helping in the harvesting. Among the Fairbury Elks who gave their services were E.R. A. C. Hergott and several of his officers.



Ruler to secure the award were Chairman Allen Duvall who made the presentation, T. Louis Waller, Norman Schroth, Theodore Schaum and Frank Baxter.

Ridgewood, N. J., Elks Celebrate Their Lodge's 20th Anniversary

Approximately 200 guests attended the banquet and dance with which Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, celebrated its 20th Anniversary. Harold L. Wertheimer, of Atlantic City, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., State Vice-Pres. Edward W. Ladd, Ridgewood, Past State Pres. William Conklin, Englewood, and P.D.D. Russell L. Binder, Hackensack, were speakers. P.E.R. Clarence C. Van Emburgh, of Ridgewood Lodge, was the guest of honor.

E.R. Albert J. Faber announced plans for the establishment of an emergency hospital in the lodge home. An appropriate float publicizing the project appeared in the local Fourth of July Parade. The purpose of the program, which is well under way, is to furnish the community with much-needed hospital facilities under Elk sponsorship.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Elks Hold Meetings of Unusual Interest

Initiated by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, in its Win the War Class of 18 candidates, were four young men 21 years of age, each proposed for membership by his father and each slated to leave shortly for service in the U. S. Army. The fathers of the boys have been

Members in our armed forces
are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the Magazine office informed of their correct address.

To avoid the delay and the extra expense to your family of having your Magazine forwarded from your home, send us your address for direct mailing, together with lodge number, old address and, if convenient, member's number.

Below are shown officers and members of Hancock, Mich., Lodge, with two young servicemen who were recently taken into the Order in an impressive ceremony.





Above are the newly elected officers of the Oregon State Elks Association who were installed at the annual Convention in Bend, Ore.

News of the state associations

TEXAS

The Texas State Elks Association held its Annual Convention at Corpus Christi on May 29-30-31. A continuous round of entertainment was provided by Corpus

Christi Lodge No. 1628 through the efforts of E.R. George Strauss and James Carlton, Chairman of the Convention Committee. San Antonio Lodge No. 216 was represented by a 60-piece band. Houston Lodge No. 151 brought its Elk-

adette Corps with a personnel of 105 and its Ranger Band of 40 pieces.

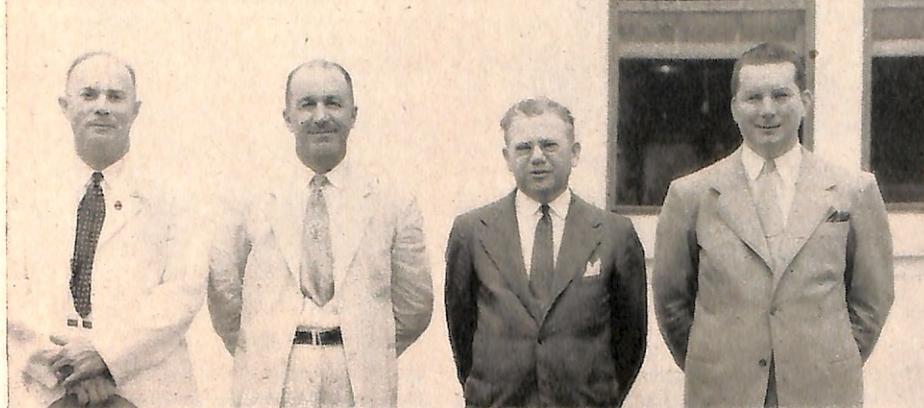
Port Arthur Lodge No. 1069 was awarded the 1943 Convention. State officers for 1942-43 were elected as follows: Pres., Frank Holaday, Dallas; Vice-Pres.'s: J. E. Rutter, Tri-Cities, J. H. Lamm, San Antonio, Ray J. Clark, Marshall, C. B. McConnell, Wichita Falls, Mark A. Perry, Amarillo; Trustees: Raymond L. Wright, Houston, J. J. Duggan, Port Arthur; Secy., H. S. Rubenstein, Brenham; Treas., T. A. Low, Brenham. Retiring President M. A. deBettencourt, of Houston Lodge, was presented with a beautiful silver service in appreciation of his year's work.

Texas Elks, despite the uncertainties of war, have laid plans for the construction of a second national infantile paralysis recovery center at Gonzales Warm Springs, Tex., which when completed will offer service similar to that at Warm Springs, Ga. The plan to make Gonzales Warm Springs a national center was instituted at a special convention session by Past President C. E. Smeltz, of San Antonio, who read a detailed report prepared by P.E.R. Walter G. Jones of Houston, Ross Boothe of Gonzales, President of the Foundation, and Mr. Smeltz. While the \$35,000 necessary for the construction of the first Elks Unit may not be raised in full until the end of the war, State President Holaday appointed an arrangements committee headed by Mr. deBettencourt, the members of which are Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk, of Dallas Lodge, Past President Fred Knetsch, Seguin, Mr. Smeltz, Vice-Pres.'s C. B. McConnell and Ray Clark, and Walter Jones.

(Continued on page 45)



Above, left: Frank Holaday, of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, is shown receiving the gavel as new President of the Texas State Elks Assn. from retiring Pres. M. A. deBettencourt, of Houston Lodge, while Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell looks on with approval.



Left are the officers of the Louisiana State Elks Assn.: H. Vincent Moseley, Pres.; Murphy J. Foster, 1st Vice-Pres.; Sol Pressburg, 2nd Vice-Pres., and Willis C. McDonald, Secy.

The Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees

THE supplementary report of the Elks National Foundation was presented to the 78th Convention of the Grand Lodge on Wednesday afternoon at the third Business Session at Omaha, Nebraska. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow introduced before the assemblage two winners of the scholastic awards offered by the Board of Trustees of the Elks National Foundation.

The winners were Miss Viola Boeder, of Watertown, Wis., who took the second prize of \$500 and Malcolm Berman, of Houlton, Me., who won first prize of \$600.

In making his report, Mr. Grakelow announced the names of all the winners and gave a brief account of their histories. Miss Boeder, whom Mr. Grakelow introduced first, in response to his complimentary remarks, delivered a short and very moving acknowledgment and expression of appreciation, both for his introduction and for the action of the Elks National Foundation Trustees which had enabled her to continue her education.

Mr. Berman, in acknowledging his introduction, also delivered a brief expression of thanks which was received with great enthusiasm by the delegation. In his address to the Convention, Mr. Grakelow took occasion to congratulate the State of Wisconsin for its outstanding effort in handling the State Association scholarship project of the Elks National Foundation. The policy in Wisconsin, Mr. Grakelow said, was to turn the activity over to the principals of various schools and the heads of education departments and conducting a series of contests in which the pupils submitted their scholastic records and activities during the previous semesters. The boards of the various schools then went over their records and passed on their conclusions.

In introducing Mr. Berman, the winner of the first award, Mr. Grakelow presented a young man of eighteen years of age. He had made up his mind that he was going to take himself through college, despite the lack of financial assistance from a father who is handicapped by illness. Mr. Berman, Mr. Grakelow



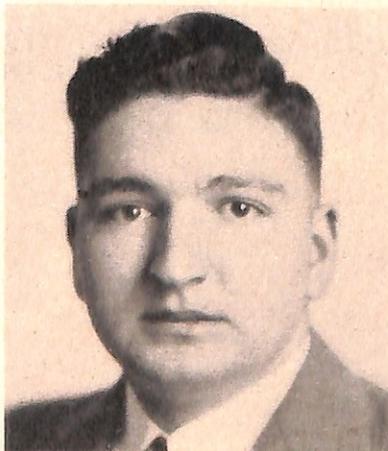
FIRST PRIZE
Malcolm Berman
Houlton, Me.



SECOND PRIZE
Viola Boeder
Watertown, Wis.



THIRD PRIZE
Geraldine Marie Weed
Laconia, N. H.



FOURTH PRIZE
Peter Mathieu
Providence, R. I.

said, decided to get a grasp on the activities of life and assume leadership for himself, and to get a view of a cross-section of humanity. So well did he accomplish his ambition, that he now holds gold, silver and bronze medals from the Boy Scouts, and he is an Eagle Scout, which is the highest rank in Scouting. This record was achieved in two years' time. Young Berman spent his time out of school working as an attendant at a filling station. During summer vacations he worked as a caddy, as a farm hand and as a mill hand. He worked sometimes twenty hours each day to get money for college, finally entering with the sum of \$400.

Ninety-seven percent was the highest mark that could be achieved in his school. His average for four years was 96.81 percent, out of a possible 97. Mr. Berman's extra curricular activities were many and in all he received high marks.

The second award of \$500 was made to Miss Viola Boeder who was born in Iron Ridge, Dodge County, Wisconsin. Now eighteen years of age and residing in Watertown, Wisconsin, Miss Boeder has devoted a good many years to achieving the best education possible.

She was first in a class of 145, with marks well in the 90's in a heavy program. She wrote an oration entitled "What America Means to Me", emphasizing our patriotic part in defense of our country. Her slogan today is "Keep 'em rolling. Keep 'em flying. Keep democracy from dying."

Mr. Grakelow quoted from another of Miss Boeder's essays, "The only way to nourish and reestablish the injured roots of democracy is by filling in with the pay dirt of democracy," a statement which, Mr. Grakelow said, shows originality of conception and depth of thought. Miss Boeder's introduction was received with applause and with all the members of the Convention standing.

Miss Boeder said, "Somewhere I read that education is an enrichment of the mind and that training is expending time in doing a specific work. Each of these is a wonderful asset in itself, but to have both education and training is the very

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FIFTH PRIZE
Victoria Eileen Sarkisian
Watertown, Mass.



The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

AT THE hour of eleven on the morning of Wednesday, July 15, the Elks 78th Grand Lodge Convention, held in Omaha, Neb., adjourned its Business Session to devote the remainder of the morning to the Memorial Service customarily held for departed members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Acting as Grand Exalted Ruler, Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, requested the Grand Lodge Delegates to stand in silence for a moment, and then called upon Grand Chaplain Rev. Father P. H. McGeough, of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, No. 1110, to lead the Grand Lodge in prayer.

At the conclusion of the Grand Chaplain's invocation, the Eleven O'Clock Toast was rendered and a vocal selection, "On the Great Lone Hills", by Sibelius, was sung by the Chorus of Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444.

At the close of the last moving strains, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, delivered before the still and listening audience the following address to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 4:

"They say life is a highway
And its milestones are the years
And now and then there is a toll-gate
Where you pay your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road
And it stretches broad and far;
But it leads at last to a golden town
Where golden houses are."

To me has been assigned the task of speaking for a few moments in memory of my friend of thirty years, William M. Abbott, Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

This difficult task is made a little lighter, because of our common belief in Immortality. So now, at this toll-gate of tears, I know that the road for him, though rough and steep, has led at last to a golden town where golden houses are.

This Order, which we believe to be the greatest American fraternity, has been built out of the lives of thousands of earnest men, of strong, vibrant men; of simple, trusting men; of faithful men, working diligently at the craft of fraternity.

Once in a great while there rises up a leader, such as the Brother whom I eulogize today. Of him it can be said:

"There soared an eagle in the West,
with mighty sunlight on his breast,
and music in his wings."

William Martin Abbott was born in San Francisco, California, on March 17, 1872, where he passed away on November 13, 1941—in that "cool gray city" where "the winds of the future wait at the iron walls of her gate".

He was tall and slender with the grace and supple strength of a fine Damascus blade. He possessed a nose that made for classic profile; gleaming, abundant, white hair above a scholar's brow. His eyes were clear and keen and blue—eyes that could look straight through a hypocrite's mask, or twinkle with the appreciation of a friend's attempt at wit.

He had the poised and quiet manner of a distinguished gentleman of the old school. William M. Abbott was what he seemed to be.

His was a trinity of three lives—each full and complete in itself, and each con-

tributing strength and character to the other two; "holding high above all other things—high as Hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of death—the love of wife and home and friends."

This was the inner sanctum of his existence—love of home and children, his sister and his brother. This was the man who found music in the childish prattle of his grandchildren and joy in the touch of their baby fingers.

"God gives life many gifts,
Rare is the hour
That has not for its own
Some gracious dower—
But friendship of all gifts
Transcending far
Shines over all—
The clear and steady star."

No man whom I have ever known prized friendship more than William Abbott. John Lermen, a companion of his youth, a devoted friend of his mature manhood, recently gave expression to the measure of Brother Abbott's capacity for friendship when he said, "Ours was fifty years of friendship, warm and pure and undefiled by a single, selfish thought; unmarred by a single untoward incident."

Many men have sat in this Grand Lodge and some sit here today who can recall "a long procession of golden years" in heart-warming comradeship with Bill Abbott. All through those precious moments of companionship he was ever a kind, genial gentleman, filled with the joy of life and the joy of loving. And they remember, too, that "kingly kindness was his habit and it became him like a crown".

Then there was his public life. I shut my eyes and I can almost see him now—a tall, straight-backed, eager, unknown young lawyer, capturing the imagination of a great political convention with a ringing phrase that brought the convention to its feet. Then as Assistant Attorney General of the State of California, one of the youngest men who ever served in that office.

His love of his native State early caused him to join with a group of his friends in a movement to maintain monuments at the historic places of California so that now the visitor to the State may, if he wishes, wander again the sun-washed trails made by the sandalled feet of the padres, or linger with the conquistadors who came to fight and conquer, and remained to be captives of romance and beauty, or, perchance, to view the places where the tide of Russian exploration met the adventurers in whose veins flowed the blood of sunny Spain.

We see him as General Attorney and General Counsel, for twenty-nine years, of a great street railway.

Will Abbott's poise and manner came from a true gentleness of spirit, supported by a heart which knew no fear, and a mind that never compromised with principle. More than once, because of his unflinching adherence to what he believed was right, his life became a pawn in a game played by men who respected neither the laws of God nor the laws of man.

To Will Abbott, peace was not a gift; it was the fruit of victory.

He served as President of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, one of the

most unique men's club in all the world—made up of gentlemen of the professions and sciences, as well as the marts of trade; the greatest artists in the fields of music, sculpture, painting and the written word; this club that in western America is the very heart of Bohemia.

Whether in formal evening clothes, at the opening of the annual Grand Opera season, in the soft luxuriant atmosphere of the theatre, or in a cold, damp duck blind, in a shooting marsh in the hour before dawn, William Abbott was equally at home.

To him life was a grand and beautiful game.

When past his sixty-fifth birthday, more than one opponent on the golf links learned defeat from Bill Abbott on the last hole of a thirty-six hole match—

Up to the last year of his life he enjoyed the fulfilment of a man's prayer.

"Still to be sure of the dawn

Still to be glad of the sea
Still to know the fires of the blood;

God keep these gifts in me."

William M. Abbott lived a third life, and that was the phase of his being which most of you knew the best, and here it was, that he was the "eagle with music in his wings".

In memory I can see him now, standing upon the floor of the State Convention of the Elks of California, preaching his favorite sermon—Fraternity. In memory, again I hear him say:

"Fraternity—What a wonderful word when properly understood * * *. We who understand, look with disdain upon those who seek to belittle the sentiment as exemplified in the Ritual of our Order. I have sometimes been accused of being a 'Sentimental Tommy'. I freely and proudly admit the soft impeachment. I don't know what this old world of ours would be like if it were not for sentiment—the love of home, of mother, of wife, of brother, of our Flag and of our country—all of these things we hold most dear. Sentiment is the one beautiful illusion that is left to us in this vale of tears. It is the moonlight and the starlight of the night—it is the sweet music of the twilight—it is the song of the wind in the trees and the rhythm of the waves on the shore. It is the path of silver made by the moon across the rippling waters. You men who have sat out in the stillness of the night and felt the power and the delight of it know what I mean".

Bill Abbott never lost the common touch. He was essentially a subordinate lodge man. He knew the problems of the subordinate lodges because he attended them with interest.

He served in every chair of San Francisco Lodge No. 3.

When the Great Fire of 1906 destroyed the lodge building, Bill Abbott became active in building its new home.

He became president of the building association and served in that capacity until the entire indebtedness of over two hundred thousand dollars was paid.

A newer home, the beautiful building which now houses San Francisco Lodge No. 3, costing over one million five hundred thousand dollars was built after William M. Abbott served as Grand

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Exalted Ruler. It stands as a lasting monument to his love of the Order and his genius for organization.

He was one of the organizers and the fourth President of the California Elks Association.

When the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee came into existence he became its first Chairman.

No more tolerant, scholarly report has ever been made to a Grand Lodge Session than he made as Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee on the Negro Elk problem.

He served as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

William M. Abbott never served in any capacity—in subordinate lodge, State Association or Grand Lodge—in which he did not contribute at least one outstanding act that made history in our Order.

As Chairman of the Judiciary Committee he was the author and proposer of a resolution unanimously adopted at the Atlantic City Convention of the Grand Lodge in 1919, wherein it was provided that:

"No person shall be permitted to join or remain in our Order who openly or covertly, directly or indirectly, gives aid, comfort or support to the practices or purposes of the Bolshevik, anarchist, the I.W.W. or kindred organization * *."

He participated in the building of the National Memorial Building in Chicago as a member of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

He served actively until the time of his death as a member of the National Memorial and Publication Commission.

It was during William M. Abbott's year as Grand Exalted Ruler that we attained the greatest increase in membership ever attained in a single year in the history of the Order, a net increase of one hundred and twenty thousand members.

"Verily he lived and loved and labored and mounted to the high places, and his purity of purpose was the refinement of all of the gold of the Golden West."

But it was not as Grand Exalted Ruler, nor as a member of a committee of the Grand Lodge, nor as President of the California Elks Association, that the most typical Elk action of William M. Abbott's life occurred. That act occurred when, as the representative of charity of his lodge, the great fire swept San Francisco. It was one of the greatest catastrophes that has ever engulfed a great city in modern times.

Joaquin Miller said of it:

"Then smoke, then flames, then great guns thrust to Heaven as if pots of clay—

Cathedral, temple, palace, tower
And hundred wars in one wild hour.
And still the smoke, the flame, the guns,
the piteous wail of little ones!"

The mad flame climbed the costly steep,
But man defiant climbed the flame.
What battles where the torn clouds keep?
What sons of giants—giants, yea—"'

It was of such men as Bill Abbott that the poet sang:

"Man defiant climbed the flame
Wrote deeds of glory in God's name."

It is to the undying fame of William M. Abbott that he organized the Elks of his city, and with a spirit that was his to the last day of his life, stood undaunted and unafraid, in earthquake and fire.

Poor men faced starvation and death. Millionaires stood in bread lines, but to the everlasting glory of that little band of San Francisco Elks under the leadership of Bill Abbott, no Elk caught in that great holocaust went without food

or shelter—no Elk stood in a breadline!

Many a little child and many an aged, helpless person not an Elk learned there and then of the great throbbing heart of Elkdom.

"Oh, think not there is glory won,
But on the field of bloody strife,
Where flashing blade and crushing gun,
Cut loose the silver cords of life,
Carve deep his name in brass or stone,
Who for his home and country bled,
Who lies uncoffined and unknown,
Upon the field of honor dead.

"But carve there, too, the names of those,
Who fought the fight of faith and truth
Bending beneath life's wintry snows,
Or battling in the pride of youth,
Who e'er have kindled one bright ray
In hearts whence hope and joy had fled,
Have not lived vainly! Such as they
are on the field of honor, dead."

This has been an attempt to paint a picture of the finest gentleman I have ever known.

The lines of the sketch have wavered and the colors have failed to be true, because the hand of the painter shook and his eyes were dimmed with tears.

But the spirit of Will Abbott hovering over this sacred occasion will understand—he will understand that these last moments dedicated to his memory, however poor the expression, have been filled with the love we felt, the good we meant.

I would that I could, with words of my own—or at least with words of my own discovery—say a fitting last goodbye.

I have found none so appropriate as those which he said with faltering voice and choking throat five years ago, to the spirit of that master Elk and beloved gentleman—Fred Harper.

So, dear Brother, who has "sailed to the purple realms beyond the sunset", I give back in sincerity and truth, the words so feelingly spoken by you:

"O, dear departed dust,
May sleep be kind to you;
You pass as all men must—
O, tender, strong and true.
As here at last we part,
Remember, spirit brave,
Something of everyone's heart
Goes with you to the grave."

At the conclusion of Mr. Shannon's moving address, "The Prayer Perfect" was sung by Mrs. Harry O. Steele. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner then introduced the speaker who was to deliver the eulogy to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, No. 1203. This was Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336.

Mr. Coen, before an audience clearly affected by his words, said:

Twenty-one years ago, while participating in a Memorial Service of this Grand Lodge, the man of whom I speak today, recited this stanza:

"A storied sweet stream is the River
of Rest
The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore
And journey you east or journey you west
Unwilling or willing, sure footed or sore
You surely will come to the River
of Rest
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest."

And now he, too, has reached the shore of the River of which he spoke, and set forth on his last voyage.

My task today is not an easy one, as I looked to this man as a younger to an

older brother—he was in large part my mentor in Elkdom, for years my steadfast friend.

To me, and I believe, as well, to all who knew him, he typified the true American gentleman.

Frank Rain's parents established their family home in the city of Fairbury, in this State of Nebraska, when he was fifteen years of age, and there he continued his residence for forty-eight years and until his death this last December.

He brought with him to his adopted city and State, in his stalwart physique and openhandedness, something of his native Texas. His environment in this great prairie State, his long residence therein, his education in its public schools and University coupled with his professional training at the University of Michigan, moulded the man, genial, yet firm, friendly but never officious, upright and sound.

His life in Fairbury was not unlike that enjoyed by many of you, whose lot has been cast in one of the smaller cities located throughout rural America.

He was at all times intensely interested in the civic and social life of his community. In its schools, its churches, its parks, its people themselves whom he well served in many representative capacities.

He had within himself that indefinable something that drew men to his standard and which established and assured his position as a leader in his chosen profession of the law, and in the civic and fraternal life of his State and Nation.

Frank Rain was, early in his mature life, attracted to our Order. He became one of the organizers of Fairbury Lodge, serving as its first Exalted Ruler and attending, as its representative, his first Grand Lodge Session at Atlantic City in 1911. From that time onward, his rise in influence and leadership in the councils of our Order was sure and certain.

It is not my purpose to present a detailed account of Frank's varied activities in his subordinate lodge and in the Grand lodge, as their record is indelibly writ in the accomplishments of the Order since the turn of the century.

But among his outstanding attributes were the virtues of loyalty and fidelity and I would be derelict in my duty if I did not emphasize here, in the presence of many of the younger generation, some features of his sacrificial service in and for Elkdom.

He served as a District Deputy, as President of the Nebraska State Association, for five years as a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge and in 1919 was elected Grand Exalted Ruler.

His administration as Chief Executive of the Order was most successful. The work and investigation carried on by him and his colleagues in office culminated in a recommendation made by him to the 1920 Session of the Grand Lodge which directly resulted in the construction of our magnificent Memorial Building at Chicago and in the establishment and continued publication of *The Elks Magazine*.

For two decades he served faithfully—sacrificially—as a member of the Commissions established to create, construct and supervise these two great projects.

It was as a man, however, that Frank Rain made his greatest impression on the membership of our Order. He had the utmost attachment for his family. The lovely and devoted wife, the son and daughter who survive him were at all times interested in and sympathetic with his Elk activities.

Many times when far from home, I have had the pleasure of sharing with

him an amusing anecdote or item of local interest, communicated to him by mail or telephone by some member of his family. I believe one of the proudest moments of his life was when he had the privilege of installing his only son as Exalted Ruler of his own home lodge.

His cleanliness, his geniality, his high purpose, his love for the Order, for the American institution itself, leavened the spirit of every Elk function he graced with his presence.

Bodily ills prevented his attendance at the Grand Lodge sessions held at St. Louis in 1939 and at Philadelphia in 1941, the only omissions in thirty years. During his last months, as editorially stated in *The Elks Magazine*—

"Over him triumphant—death his dart shook—but delayed to strike—though oft invoked."

Throughout this period of confinement,

he faithfully, conscientiously, carried on his duties as Secretary-Treasurer of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission—at all times retaining his abiding interest in all of us—his deep and intense interest in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

On the 24th day of this last December, Frank Rain, pursuing his life's journey, arrived at the River of Rest, and on the day following Christmas, he was laid away on the sloping hillside of the burial ground overlooking the valley of the "Little Blue River" where he had lived—and loved—and worked—and from whence he had gone forth to attain a position of national prominence.

But Frank is not gone—I see him now—in memory's eye—walking as if on tip-



toe down the aisle of this Grand Lodge to which he was so ardently devoted—erect, his six feet and more every inch a man—and we say to him "For us who knew you, dread of death has passed,
You took life tip-toe to the very last
It never lost for you its lovely look
You kept your interest in its thrilling book
To you death came no conqueror in the end,
You merely smiled to greet another friend."

When Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen's tender address was concluded, the Huron Lodge Chorus sang "Crossing the Bar". As the last strains faded out, the audience rose for the benediction by Grand Chaplain Father McGeough in memory of the departed Elks, and the Grand Lodge of Sorrow came to a close.

Supplementary Report of The Elks National Foundation

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acme of success. The achievement of such a desirable combination is my goal in attending college."

The third scholarship award of \$400 made by the Foundation was to Geraldine Weed, of Laconia, New Hampshire. Miss Weed, seventeen years of age, outside of her scholastic curriculum was an usher in the Colonial Theatre in Laconia and a clerk at Woolworth's store. Last summer she earned \$125 in wages and save \$100 of it. This year paying all her personal expenses, she succeeded in saving \$30, making a total of \$130 saved. To this she added another \$130, which she received as a public speaker at the age of seventeen years. Miss Weed also won a two-year scholarship at Bates College.

She was the No. 1 pupil of 150 in her graduating class. From the seventh grade up to the present, she has had no mark under ninety percent during a period of ten years. Mr. Grakelow's brief summary of Miss Weed's activities was received with prolonged applause.

The winner of the fourth award of \$300 was Peter Mathieu, aged 17, of Woodstock, Vermont, now residing in Providence, Rhode Island. Mr. Mathieu was delivering newspapers at the age of eleven and was a caddy at thirteen years of age. In presenting the story of Mr. Mathieu, Mr. Grakelow said that the boy's own letter of introduction contained all the information that could be wished by the Grand Lodge. He then read the letter, which follows:

"Dear Sirs:

"My name is Peter Mathieu, and I live at 12 Van Ausdall Street, Providence, Rhode Island. I am seventeen years old, was born in Woodstock, Vermont, June 23, 1924. It is with sincerest exactness that I attempt to present my plea.

"Education has been my most treasured aspiration ever since I first acquired the ability to read. My parents are one hundred percent for school. Mom and Dad realize that intellectual training is the foundation of success. Alas, I fear my sincerest plans for a college education may never materialize.

"In grammar school I understood my folks' condition would necessitate my attending a public high school. Always a large boy I commenced delivering papers when eleven. At thirteen I was a caddy. My few hard-earned pennies gave me a sense of responsibility. Why couldn't

I go to LaSalle,' I thought to myself. I dared not reveal my secret to Mom, because I knew she would brood over the impossibility. In the eighth grade Mother Rose Anna, my teacher in grammar school, and who had gratuitously given me music lessons in return for sundry odd jobs, informed me of a means with which I could dismantle the barriers surrounding LaSalle. A scholarship was offered by Father Frehill to the highest averaged student graduating from St. Thomas School in 1938. All that year I studied, and I worked. LaSalle was in my grasp. Suddenly, without warning, I was absent from school for nearly two months because of pneumonia. Downhearted, but with renewed energy, I resumed classes after Easter. When the final averages were announced I only won the spelling bee. A young lady's average of ninety-five plus nipped my ninety-five. Second was of no value. LaSalle was a lost dream.

"One day during the summer of 1938, while assisting in cutting the church's lawn, Father Frehill casually asked me how I would enjoy going to LaSalle. Bewildered, I choked and uttered some high pitched response. September found me entering LaSalle. Mom and Dad promised fifty cents each week from my papers. Enthusiastically I planned my schedule.

"Hoping to pursue medicine in the distant future I have studied classical subjects with physics and chemistry filling in my free periods. I knew then, and I understand now that a miracle enabled me to reach LaSalle. Diligently I prepared for the honor roll. The wonderful Christian Brothers have given me every possible advantage. Come June I hope to graduate. I have had consistent honor rating for four years. I have played football as a freshman and varsity regular, was a guard on the championship class basketball team. I have played in the orchestra's swing and concert combinations for three years. I am a member of the French publication, 'Le Circle Français'.

"All these accomplishments are excellent. I am very proud of them, but they yield no pecuniary recompense whatsoever. I sincerely desire to go to college. I know a scholarship is my sole hope. My father is a mill man, and his pay barely provides for the family. Mom is

required to care for my invalid grandmother. Still Dad wants me to earn a scholarship when an additional few dollars would allow the folks to secure a few enjoyable moments. Mom and Dad have slaved all their lives for my interests. I am not going to let them down because of financial difficulties. I am going to continue in school, I pray. I am young, energetic and desirous of becoming a doctor.

"From the foregoing facts you can readily see the plight in which I have been placed. I firmly feel that you will agree, after reading my credentials, that I can, most deservedly, use the Elks Scholarship Award as only a poor boy who possesses little capital knows how.

"Very sincerely yours,

Peter Louis Mathieu, Jr."

The fifth award of \$200 made by the Foundation went to Miss Victoria Eileen Sarkisian, aged seventeen, of Watertown, Mass. This young lady entered high school in 1939 and immediately began playing hockey as a substitute for the second team. At the hockey banquet that year she was elected captain of the varsity team. She was inducted into the National Honor Society and is at the present time Recording Secretary of that organization. Her participation in many activities won her a wide circle of friends. She was prominent in first aid and canteen courses, and in her spare time worked in her father's store. Scholastically, in English, Latin, geometry, chemistry and United States history, she received a consistent string of A's. In telling of the award made to Miss Sarkisian, Mr. Grakelow read a quotation from a letter written by Harold F. Kenney, Sub-Master of the Senior High School:

"An abundance of words pointing out this young lady's fine qualities, conduct and achievement would be necessarily a repetition of superlatives.

"May I say briefly and sincerely that Victoria has our unreserved stamp of approval. They just do not come any finer!"

Mr. Grakelow's remarks concerning the fifth prize awarded to Miss Sarkisian were received with the enthusiastic approval of the Convention.

The high ratings of the students, Mr. Grakelow explained, made the choice of winners extremely difficult for the

Foundation. Trustees. After much thought and after rereading the applications for aid the Trustees decided that the next ten runners-up could by the assistance of \$100 each reach their goals. He then read the names of those to whom \$100 each was awarded. They were:

Robert E. Axtheim, Perry, Ia.
Bette Carroll, Two Rivers, Wis.
Helen L. Tripp, Newtonville, Mass.
Raymond W. Christensen, Merced, Calif.

Eunice N. Charles, Green Bay, Wis.
Robert Latham Washburn, Potsdam, N. Y.
Jean Borchardt, Bellingham, Wash.
Edward R. Schiffmacher, Baldwin, N. Y.
Robert Murray Johnson, Parkersburg, W. Va.
Herbert E. Whyte, Rapid City, S. D.
Mr. Grakelow said that there were some members of the Order who had asked whether this assistance to students was appreciated. "Does it pay?"

they asked. In assuring the Grand Lodge that this program of the Foundation did pay and pay well, Mr. Grakelow read two letters from recipients of Foundation scholarships. One was from Miss Helen Delich who received a scholarship awarded at the Philadelphia Convention last year. The second letter was from Mary Louise Bruchman who received the first prize at the Columbus, Ohio, Convention in 1935. Both letters evoked sustained applause from the Grand Lodge delegates.

See You at the Races

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and skidded on the grass. Then came his journey on the dairy truck, which led him, uninvited, to the hospitality of Mr. More, and to the situation that developed now.

He liked the situation well enough, except for Henry Jefford on the floor, maneuvering on gifted feet the girl whom Joe considered as his own. He had found her with the sandwich. She was unescorted. She was his—well, for tonight. Besides, she was too young, too nice, too clean, too gay and beautiful for dancing with the likes of Henry Jefford.

Joe cut in, gave Jefford little chance for a refusal. Katherine's hair was soft against his cheek. "You like that guy?" he said. She drew her head away to glance at him. "I mean Jefford," Joe continued. "Do you like him?"

"Why, he's pleasant. He seems all right. I scarcely know him. Do you mind? Is it so serious?"

"Everything is serious," he said. "Even laughs are serious, because you don't get so many any more. But don't mind me. Long as you're not friends, old pals."

They danced in silence for a while. "I won't see you any more," he said. "The Air Corps wins me Wednesday."

"We can all feel safer now," she said.

"Don't talk like that. Don't be so cruel. Tell me about yourself."

"There isn't much to tell," she said. "I own a horse that runs tomorrow in the seventh race. I have a trailer for the horse, but not much money. It's a thing I've always loved. I hope some day to prove myself an able trainer—well, I guess that's all. My home is in Rochester, Indiana, and I've been touring the half-mile tracks."

"A gypsy, huh?"

"A gypsy, just like you. Except that now you'll be a soldier. That's better, Joe—much better, and maybe," Katherine's voice was kindly, soft, "if things come out all safe and right, we can be gypsies once again. This is my last trip around the circuit, I suppose. It doesn't seem important now."

"You're a good girl. You're a great girl."

It was late. The music stopped. The colored boys began to stuff their musical arrangements in their files,

their instruments in cases. Joe steered Katherine away from Henry Jefford to the terrace. From the terrace they could feel the early morning coolness and the new breeze washing through the trees and see the clouds, fast-moving with the breeze across the spread moonlight. Joe said, "Imagine me with you. With everything like this. And I—well, I can't even take you home."

"I'm home."

"I know."

"I'm sorry you can't take me home. I'm not afraid of you. You're slightly touched, perhaps—but I'd let you take me home."

"I could buy you breakfast in the wagon down at Jurisville, if you would come. Except I haven't got a car. I came here on a truck. Don't ask me why. Have you by any chance a car?" There was a silence for a while. "It's so gallant of me," he said.

She smiled at him. No face, no smile had ever done these things to him before. "I'll get a wrap," she said.

She got her wrap. It was a brief, attractive thing that Katherine held up close around her throat. She led him to the rear of Mr. More's establishment. There was a coupe, from 1934, with slightly mangled fenders, with a dusty two-horse trailer hitched behind it. "This is mine," she said. "I bought the whole contraption cheap. It's good-looking isn't it? Now, if you'll just remove that bolt. You kick it this way." Katherine kicked and he observed her lovely leg. She kicked again. This time he wrenched the bolt as she directed. "You may drive," she said.

"Love," Joe told her later, filled with eggs and coffee. "Love is sudden, isn't it?"

"The general line of talk is dangerous," she said. "Isn't this your place?" They stopped in front of a small hotel.

"I think the love is real," he said. "It's shiny and it's new. It's extra-quick. It makes me sad."

"Please, Joe." She looked at him. "It frightens me. Things have no right to happen in this way."

"They happen, though."

She pressed his hand. He kissed her, held her briefly. "Run now," she said. She bit her lower lip. Her eyes were damp. "Perhaps I'll see you at

the workouts, Joe. We haven't got much time."

"Let me go back with you," he said. "I don't mind walking, honestly. It's possible there'll be another truck."

She chased him gently. She put the car in gear. He watched her drive away. He kicked the curbstone with his heel. He floated on his private ecstasy into the Jurisville Hotel.

Two hours' sleep is not so much, but Joe was buoyed by many things. The alarm went off at six o'clock and brought him awake in the still unbroken darkness. He took a shower. He dressed in slacks and a flannel shirt, he put on an old sports jacket, a crushed brown hat for the early-morning workouts at the track.

THE track was like a hundred others of its kind, a half-mile saucer on the edge of town. The grandstand wasn't much, but there was room along the backstretch for the customers to stand.

The horses, sprinting, working out, looked like so many spirits in the semi-dark. Joe put a boy on Ripple Ride and watched him work three-eighths in average time, controlled. He watched with pride when Katherine, formful, splendid in her jodhpurs, worked along the rail on Can't Refuse, an honest skinner, five years old. He supposed she weighed one hundred twenty pounds, or thereabouts. She gave a strong ride, doling out the pace with practiced judgment past the poles. He kept away from her, beyond a greeting and a kiss tossed with his hand. He had some work to do that might be dangerous. And it was work that Katherine might find difficult to understand.

He saw no sign of Peetsie's Spangle Beau. Could be, of course, that Spangle Beau, like other articles of Peetsie's enterprise, was worked out in the dark. And as he strolled past Peetsie's stalls, the only animals to see were Peetsie's strong-arm, Frankie, with companion, Al.

Joe put the evidence together: A man who'd put a guard on Spangle Beau, if it were really Spangle Beau, would put a padlock on a garbage pail. The horse, by every test of form, was money down the sink, no matter what the odds—fifty to one or a hundred to one. While Henry Jefford,

Joe had reason to believe, despite the recent winnings of his Golden Port, was short of cash. At the Saratoga yearlings sales he hadn't bought a thing, unusual for him, a man who hoarded horseflesh with unholy joy. And inquiry revealed to Joe that Jefford's farm in Maryland was sold, although it wasn't possible to find the reason why, and Henry's horses now were boarded out. No instrument, therefore, could recoup Henry's fortune like a bale of money spread about, in many different cities, so as not to hurt the price—all on the horse's nose, especially if the horse, instead of being Spangle Beau, was Golden Port.

THE seventh race at Jurisville was a thousand-dollar claiming race. A "claiming race" is one in which the owner or the trainer of a horse in a specific race may claim, for the blanket sum agreed upon, any of the horses that compete against his own horse in that race. The only trick is that your claim must have been entered before the horses leave the gate. Should the horse or "claimee" fall and die en route, that is the risk you run. The virtue of the claiming race is obvious. It keeps the horses running in their proper fields. An owner will not run a horse of value in a cheap event for fear of losing him, since anyone who has the cash will chance a thousand dollars on an animal worth many times that much.

Joe had somebody file his claim for him. There is a claim box for the purpose which is sealed and confidential, never opened till the race is run. He had a hundred dollars left which he soon put into the hands of Eddie Ray, a tough, rough-riding kid who'd eat your eyeballs for a dime. Joe made his orders clear. "Besides," he said, "I've got enough on you to bar you from riding in a dog race, understand? Not that I like to bring up past unpleasantness, but you know what to do. Okay?" Eddie put the hundred in his pocket.

Joe saw Katherine in the paddock before the race, but she was busy talking to the boy who had the mount on Can't Refuse. He watched Eddie Ray climb up on Ripple Ride, then walked away, his conscience and himself not wholly reconciled. He took a place along the rail and lit a cigarette. He felt much less conspicuous when jammed into the crowd. The horses paraded to the gate, the start was good, a shock went through the crowd as they were off.

Spangle Beau, or Golden Port—you take your pick—broke fast enough but went a little wide around the

turn, then moved into the pack again. Eddie Ray moved Ripple Ride along with him. The boy on Peetsie's horse was keeping two lengths off the pace. The track was small and crowded on the turns—two times around they'd have to go, then almost half around again. Peetsie's horse ran wide on the almost constant turning, as though not accustomed to this kind of track. Ripple Ride went with him, blocking him, impeding him, though not too flagrantly. The pack went by the judge's stand, some straggling out, with Katherine's Can't Refuse up strong and running handily in second place. Now Joe watched carefully, with glasses glued to Eddie Ray, not taking them from Eddie for a moment as the kid forced Peetsie's horse into the rail, then pinned him there, while Peetsie's boy on Spangle Beau—or Golden Port—began to lash his mount, and then, in desperate fury, lash the horse and man that blocked his way and bumped him badly on the last turn to the wire. The judges must have seen that, anyway, and Joe relaxed a bit, his conscience somewhat mended now. Katherine's horse was second to a horse named Foamy Beer. Peetsie's horse, belatedly, got up for third, then promptly was disqualified, along with Ripple Ride.

Joe realized with comfort Peetsie Beverly could scarce complain. Too much attention to his entry might produce a close examination of the horse, of its identity. Joe walked his own horse to the barn. He said to Eddie Ray, "Well, you're a useful thief. I guess I should say thanks. So thanks."

No sign of Katherine, though. He missed her. Funny how he missed her when he'd only known her for a day, less than a day. He went to the steward's office where the claim box

would be opened. "I'm sorry," he was told, "but there's been another claim."

"There's what?"

"There's been another claim."

"Oh."

"You'll have to wait and draw for it."

His happiness dissolved. It must have been, of course, that Henry Jefford and Peetsie had divined his bright intentions, got one of their pals to press a claim, somebody with a horse in the same race. He walked outside and waited to be called in for the draw. The darkness gathered fast above the track.

Katherine wore becoming tweeds, no hat at all. Her hair hung long and glistening, newly, neatly done. He watched her walk up happily. "I've been looking for you," she said.

"Me," he said, and tapped his chest. "I always look for you. You're beautiful. You'd look good in a horse-skin."

"I'm smart," she said. "I claimed the best horse in the race. I had a notion he was good."

"You what? Which horse did you claim?"

"Why, Spangle Beau. Did you see the wretched ride he got? The boy was so busy fighting with Eddie Ray that the horse didn't have a chance. The way it—what's the matter, Joe?"

"What's the matter? Well, I guess nothing is the matter, really." His voice was flat; his heart was sick. "I suppose you didn't know anything about Spangle Beau, did you? I suppose you just liked his form, the color of his blinkers."

"I don't understand you, Joe."

"Don't worry, I won't call the stewards. I'm in the thing myself. You know damned well that Jefford had you claim the horse, because he was afraid that I would claim it, too. I suppose you didn't know the horse is really Jefford's Golden Port."

"Is what? Is Golden Port?"

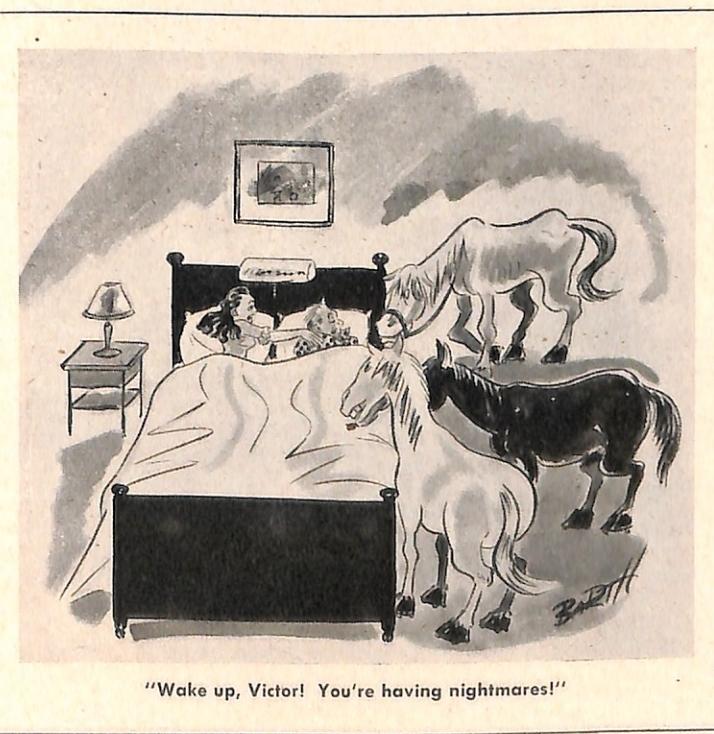
"Don't look like an awakening jack-o'-lantern. I've watched the whole crooked mess develop. I've been up in the big time, too. I haven't spent all my time at county fairs and backwoods traps like this. Well, my claim is in and it stays in. You'll have to take your chances in the draw."

Her face was white. Her hands held together. "Why—that's fantastic!"

"Is it? I don't think so. You don't think so either. And Jefford and Peetsie Beverly don't think so."

"Why, you're a thief!" she said. "I ought to turn you in!"

"Just help yourself. I'm going in the Army."



I'll get away from all this filth. Go ahead. Turn me in. Turn us both in."

Katherine didn't hit him. Katherine spun about and walked away. He watched her walking fiercely. He didn't know what to believe. He saw her step into a phone booth underneath the grandstand. In a moment she came out, then walked away. He was called into the stewards' office promptly, scarcely knowing what his fate would be. "The horse is yours," they told him there. "The other claim has been withdrawn. Miss Dale just telephoned."

He looked for her, without success. He understood now she was not connected with the plot. Else why would she not take her chances at the draw? He couldn't turn her in, without betrayal of himself.

He knew that given time, the horses, Spangle Beau and Golden Port, could artfully be transferred once again. Now that evil quicksands had moved up beyond his hairline; now that Katherine thought, for reasons very simple, that he was a crook, his anger and determination multiplied to see the whole thing through.

He went to Peetsie's barn. Peetsie, Frankie, Al. They all were there, save Jefford. Joe said, "All right, boys, move over. I've come for Man O' War."

"The horse will be delivered to you in the morning. That's the usual thing. He hasn't even had a chance to dry out."

"He'll dry out," Joe said. "We've got a long walk ahead of us. He can dry out then."

"I told you he would be delivered in the morning," Peetsie said. "What've we gotta do to convince you?" Peetsie looked to Frankie and to Al. The boys loomed large and menacing.

Prelude to war, Joe told himself. I'll have to learn sometime. The barns were quiet and the darkness was complete, save for the lights within the barns themselves. Joe told himself, this is my chance. It's me or them. It's now or not at all. He took a careful swing at Frankie, who was largest of the enemies about. The swing and impact nicely met, Frankie hit the dirt floor of the barn. Al swung mightily and didn't miss. Joe felt his head explode. Al swung again. He was a marksman, never missing. Joe spread his feet apart and lunged to the attack. He brought his head up squarely in the face of Al. The man went down, but Frankie now had risen. Peetsie swung a bale hook with

abandon. Joe found little else to do but kick him in his stomach. Joe hit Frankie once again and Frankie dropped. Joe threw a fetlock clipper at the head of Peetsie Beverly. Joe took another swing at Al who still held hands around his face. Joe put a halter on the handsome head of Spangle Beau, or Golden Port, and led him from the barn. Nobody shouted after him. Nobody cared to bring the Pinkertons a-running. Joe said, satisfied, and to himself, "I'll make a soldier after all."

His head hurt terribly. His lips were split. He walked unsteadily. The footfalls of the horse fell patiently behind him. Headlights broke the darkness where he walked and Katherine said. "Oh, Lord—what did they do to you?" The trailer loomed large in the broken light.

She got out of the car and offered him a handkerchief. "You'd better clean your face," she said. "It frightens me. And you'd better put your horse in the van, before you're lynched. Ripple Ride can be shipped out later," Katherine added.

They drove from Jurisville, along the highway, No. 54, with neither speaking for a time. Then, finally, "You've got a cigarette?" he asked. "I must have lost mine in the brawl."

She gave him one. "You've got everything," he said. "Beauty, brains and character and cigarettes. And a van that holds two horses. Katherine?" She asked him, what. "Why should you pick up criminals like me?"

"Because I'm sorry for you, I suppose. Because the Army can use you and I don't want you murdered in your civilian pursuits. If you could be murdered usefully, however, I

would endure it."

"You don't mean the bitter things you say. You're too sweet."

"I—I'm an idiot, I guess. I thought you were—well, I liked you, frankly. I didn't think you were capable of a thing like this. If you knew the horse was Golden Port, it was your duty to expose things in their proper light. They could have cleaned up a fortune if the horse had won—Beverly and Jefford, I mean. After all—the price would have been tremendous. But you just let things slide, sitting back and awaiting your chance."

"Did the horse win?" Joe asked.

"He would have, without that stupid ride."

"You know who arranged that stupid ride? Me. Why do you think Eddie Ray was roughing him? And who says the horse is Golden Port?"

"You did. You said that yourself. And I should have known. I saw the horse work out the other day. It was very early and there was scarcely anyone about. That's what made me place my claim. Except I never dreamed of a 'ringer'. I simply supposed that Spangle Beau had been underrated."

"Spangle Beau, or Golden Port. Let's call him George. I'm getting sick of this," he said. "The main thing is the horse is good. I've never had a high-class colt before, except once—and then I really had one—you can bet your life I did."

"And when was that?" Her tone was thawing, though it still was cold. She drove with competence.

"I had a yearling once—two years ago—a colt by Fleetwood, out of Rolling Town—a nice, long-legged colt I used to sleep with in the barn. I never had any money to throw away, and I was working for my pilot's license in Chicago then. My aunt, though—Mrs. Perry, certainly you've heard of her—she had some real good horses until Henry Jefford ruined them. She had a big farm in Indiana and Jefford was her trainer. He was charming and his price was something fierce. Well, I left my colt there for a couple of weeks, while I was busy flying. But when I went back to take the colt, I learned that it had died. Not only died but had been buried. You know how those young things are. They grow and change like biscuits in the oven, and sometimes they get sick and sometimes they die."

"Well, it was my tough luck. I guess I wept a little, too. I was going to punch Jefford, but the responsibility wasn't exactly his, I thought. Just the carelessness of one of the



"Will you please stop biting my nails?"

boys. Then Jefford quit my aunt and came up with a stable of his own. I always have maintained he was the world's worst trainer, and when he came up with a quality colt, my suspicions grew. I smelled around."

"Do you think that Golden Port is your yearling, all grown up?"

"Except for a few markings here and there, I wouldn't be surprised. And markings have been taken care of in the past. You just have to dress them up every once in a while between haircuts, like a woman. But for the present, darling, don't be vicious with me, please. I love you and the horse's name is George."

"I love you, too. And George."

They rolled now down a grade. The turn below was marked with a light on the highway. A truck that had been facing them and climbing from below, now backed across the road to form a barrier. A sedan moved into place to block the small remaining space and several men stood on the road with flashlights in their hands. They were a hundred yards or so away.

Joe swore softly. "You'd better stop," he said. "I don't want you to be hurt. There isn't room to pass."

"It's Jefford, isn't it? And Beverly? That horse's name isn't George. It's Golden Port. I know it now."

Her foot pressed on the gas. The car and trailer gathered fierce momentum on the grade. "You'd better stop," he said. "You'll kill yourself. I can't let you take this chance."

Car and trailer rolled on faster, eating up the yards remaining. Katherine's forearm pressed against the horn which blared forth steadily. Her two hands tightly held the wheel. Joe held his breath. His stomach turned. They roared down on the lights that glared at them. She aimed to the left at the shoulder of the road where the big sedan was parked. The sedan quit and backed up fast. Katherine roared through, swinging on the shoulder of the road. The trailer ripped a fender from the trapped sedan, and Katherine fought her way back to the road.

A mile beyond, she stopped. She lit a cigarette. "Perhaps I will be

sick," she said. "Who knows? You'd better drive."

He drove. "I'm all right now," she said. "I'm fine." She blew the smoke at him.

"You're Horatius on a horse," he said. "When I get back from winning the war, I'm gonna marry you."

"I'll be waiting," Katherine said. "You'll take care of the horse?"

"I'll knit him a sweater. Even before I knit one for you."

"You can't run him at the races, though," said Joe. "You'd rob the public if you did. Legally, his name is Spangle Beau, and people would find out."

"But we can breed him," Katherine said. "There's nothing wrong with that. And then, when you come back, there'll be some yearlings for you, darling. Please come back."

"I'm going to try."

"Oh, you'll come back. I know you will. I'll pray for you."

"It would be fun if I got back," he said. He held her hand. They rode on through the peaceful night. "I surely hope I do get back," he said.

Spitfire Gambit

(Continued from page 17)

ed. Reports would come flashing into the subterranean operations room by teletype and radio, and the W.A.A.F.'s would slide markers indicating both raiders and defenders across the board. In short, it was one of England's many nerve centers of defense in her battle against the winged marauders from across the Channel.

The members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force were standing at the alert, phones clamped to their heads, with sticks to push the markers around the board poised in their hands. For the moment the board was bare of markers.

But the atmosphere was almost stifling. Everybody was waiting, waiting with scoured nerves for things to happen. A bit of a scramble was going on in Sector 5 to the north. Any minute now the Dorniers might change their course.

Group Captain Clough signed a chit presented by the adjutant and handed it to the A.I. officer. He snapped the light on over his desk. He ran his eyes swiftly over the list of 'Readiness', 'Advanced Available', and 'Normal Available'. If a raid developed, 'Readiness' would be ordered off to intercept and 'Advanced Available' would automatically move up to take its place on the list. The same with 'Normal Available', which would become 'Advanced Available'. By the time the first flight had come back from a tour of duty it would take last place and move up if conditions demanded. He checked the code list by which the various flights would be designated. 'B' Group was using animals that day. He was glad they had got rid of flower names. They had caused

too much ragging amongst the lads.

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on the rail in front of him. He hated this waiting for action to commence. Reminded him of his rugger days, how his stomach quivered while he waited for the starting signal. He had that feathery feeling under his belt now.

His eyes found hers again. She smiled and tucked a recalcitrant wisp of black hair under the bridge of her phones. *How different she looks*, he thought as he watched her standing at her post, trim, erect. Only last night she had sat at his right, Hubert on his left. Uniforms forgotten, the war an evil shadow while Hubert timidly informed him there would soon be a new twig on the Clough family tree. Food had never tasted better, wine smoother or music more cheering. He wasn't even a bit annoyed when the orchestra played that thing about a nightingale singing over Berkley Square for the umpteenth time.

A loudspeaker whispered as if it had a bad cold. One of the W.A.A.F.'s reached to the table behind her, picked up three markers and placed them on the board. Another reached out with her stick and moved them into position.

"Beaver" flight taking over a routine patrol," somebody close to him said.

The group captain straightened, glanced from the clock on the wall to the board. 'Beaver' flight was Hubert's.

Her eyes caught his. They were shining, proud as she nodded toward the markers indicating three Spitfires winging swiftly across the late afternoon skies.

His palms got clammy. He folded his arms, pressing his fingers against his sleeves. He would insist on her taking leave. Ops. was no place for her. Not with a new recruit on the way to join the ranks of the Cloughs.

He watched one of the girls move the markers into another square. He knew Hubert was proud of Nora's insistence that she be permitted to do her bit. He'd been proud too, even helped wangle her transfer to 'B' Group so the lad and she could be together as much as possible. But the time for pride was past. She had her own battle to face. The tense, nerve-grating atmosphere of a control room was no place for her, especially with a marker representing Hubert being pushed around the board.

A gossipy chatter came from the teletype in another room. The loudspeaker's cold seemed worse. The W.A.A.F.'s inched nearer the board, tapping their lacquered nails on the shafts of their sticks. Sector 5 was having a time of it with those Dorniers.

The group captain transmitted a 'Stand by' to Sector Fighter H.Q. Out there men would be crawling into their ships, alert, ready should a call come for reinforcements.

Orderly pandemonium broke out as his eyes went back to the board. The W.A.A.F.'s at the northern end grabbed for markers. The Dorniers, failing to break through Sector 5's defenses, were swinging south.

He was about to order 'Tiger' flight up when the loudspeaker seemed to clear its throat. "Thirty plus hostile . . . from southeast." The plot was coming from a detection post east of Bexhill. "Twenty

thousand . . . Approaching Red sector."

The group captain's orders were crisp, terse as he sent 'Tiger' flight to intercept the raiders approaching the southeast coast. 'Hare' flight was moved up to readiness.

Plots poured into the control room as the Dorniers from the north winged toward his area. The teletype pounded frantically.

"Hare!" Intercept hostile formation . . . twenty plus, eighteen thousand, northeast over Green! . . . 'Fox' to readiness. The group captain watched the markers being pushed into position. 'Hare' flight was roaring into the air to catch the Dorniers in a pincer and fold them back over the Channel.

The markers clicked, moved faster now, as the W.A.A.F.'s picked up reports from the observation posts along the cliffs. The enemy formation was turning as the interceptors reached their level. Reports from squadron leaders were clipping through a speaker. Two Nazis down . . . A third limping away . . . A Spitfire pilot took to his Brolley. The bandits with 'Tiger' in blazing pursuit were tailing it over the Channel.

The group captain's eyes narrowed. The same thing was taking place to the north. The bombers made only a half-hearted attempt to break through 'Hare' flight. Markers were clustered at both ends of the board. The center, save for 'Beaver' flight's patrol, was clear.

The situation seemed well in hand. The book showed three Nazis down, against a debit of one.

Group Captain Clough sat back. His face relaxed in a smile. Hubert would tear a strip off him for not ordering him into the scramble.

He suddenly felt tired. Even sitting deep below ground, directing operations was becoming a strain. Ordering these lads into the air, sometimes to their death, was adding gray to his temples. He closed his eyes for a moment against the lights reflected by the board. He wondered when it would be over.

"Sixty plus, hostile . . . Approaching from due east . . . Sixty plus, hostile . . . Fifteen thousand . . . Junkers Eighty-eights."

The group captain was on his feet. The frantic alarm was coming from the post on Dunge Ness. "Came out of the clouds with engines throttled . . . Looks like the gang with the red and green checkerboard . . . It is!"

"That will be von Reichtor," the A.I. man said nervously.

Group Captain Parker Clough saw it now. The other raids had been feints

to draw the defenders out of position. Most of his men were either to the north or south. The center was wide open. The gateway to London was ajar. It needed only a push. There hadn't been a daylight strafe since the hellish nightmare last Fall. But this was the way von Reichtor would do things. London remembered his Junkers Eighty-eights with the red and green squares on their gray fuselages. Coventry and Plymouth bore scars of his ruthless daring. In his wake lay a swath of new graves.

Group Captain Clough gripped the rail and stared down at the board. For a fragment of a second his mind flashed back to that last game when the baron had coaxed him out of position and ended it with a pawn. The Nazi had out-maneuvered him again, sending the Dorniers to engage the flanks while he slipped through the center.

He cursed the baron silently while he studied the problem presenting itself on the board. 'Tiger' and 'Hare' flights were in their respective positions, but engaged now with a flock of Me-110's who, no doubt, had been sitting upstairs waiting for the baron's signal. 'Fox' flight was still on the ground. In 'Readiness', yes. But it would take minutes for them to get even anywhere near the swift-winged Junkers.

He felt every eye in the room on him as he stared at the markers in the middle of the board. Three planes against sixty-plus. Hubert, their leader, his son, was sitting up there waiting for orders.

The loudspeaker was still rasping. The teletype went mad.

"You British are soft, sentimental . . . This is war." The words crashed

out of the dim mists of the past.

A girl leaned toward the board. Her fingers trembled as she placed a marker on a square.

The baron had many pieces on the board. Powerful pieces that could strike in any direction. He had but three.

The clock on the wall ticked loudly. Three seconds slipped back into history. Three seconds which might mean eternity to as many hundreds.

The group captain's knuckles were white on the rail. "Order Beaver flight to intercept." His voice steadied. "Imperative they hold until reinforcements arrive . . . Fox up! . . . Two flights from Tiger and Hare break off and return to aid Fox and Beaver . . . Stag to readiness. . . ."

He completed his orders without taking his eyes off the board. A 'Waaf' was already pushing the 'Beaver' flight markers closer to the raider's creeping out of the east.

No one spoke. Even the teletype seemed to sense their wanting to hear what came out of the speaker.

Suddenly Hubert's cheery voice broke through the faint crackle of static. "Hostile formation dead below . . . fifteen thousand. Mind your tails, lads . . . Tallyho!"

The group captain sagged into his chair. He leaned forward, resting his chin against the knuckles of his hand. He fought to keep his fingers still on the rail. His eyes avoided the spot where she stood.

"One bandit down!" Hubert's voice rang from the speaker. "One flamer for our team. Davis, watch out! There's a nasty Nazi on your tail."

Behind the voice and the static, like a grim echo, came the rattle of guns.

"Davis!" . . . Davis!" Hubert cried. "Nice pitching, Philips. You squared it for him . . . Keep west of them. Keep them headed off. . . . Remember, short squirts. Got to make it last."

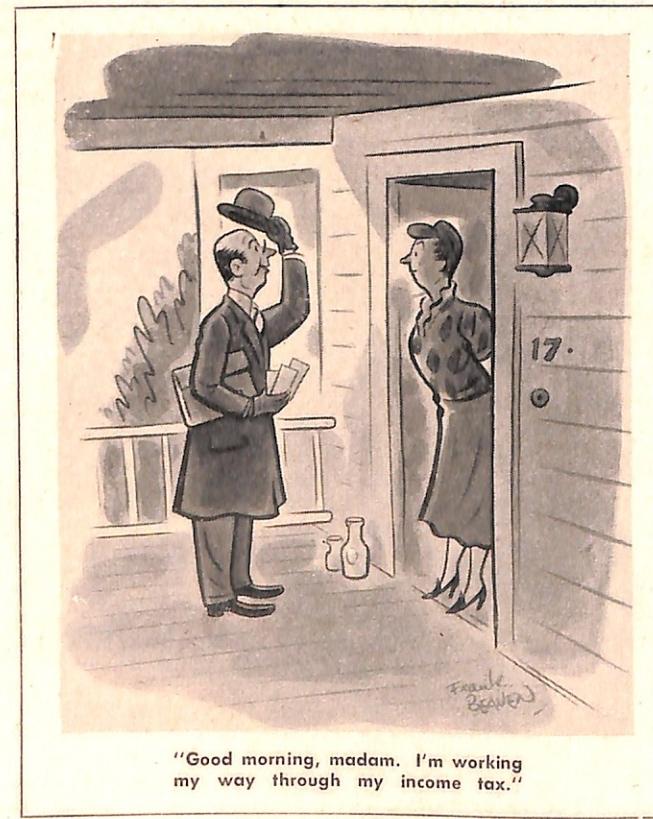
One of the 'Waafs' reached out and pulled a marker from 'Beaver' flight. Another picked up a Nazi marker. She dropped it on the table behind her. It bounced and fell to the floor. Nobody bothered to pick it up.

"Guess it's up to you, Philips," the loudspeaker was murmuring. The voice began to fade.

"More volume!" somebody cried.

But increased volume didn't help. Hubert's voice died away completely.

"Clough stopped one," a new voice said matter of factly. "I'll keep tossing at the wicket. There's a Junker going down near him. Must have scored before they got him. . . . Be going myself in a minute. Pulpit is full of glycol. . . . Stinking stuff."



The group captain muttered a fervent prayer and looked down at Nora. She was pulling a marker toward her. Her fingers closed tenderly over the thing that represented Hubert. Her hand moved up across her breasts until it reached the hollow at the side of her throat. Her head tilted, pressing cheek against fist. Then she straightened and stood staring at the markers being pushed around the board.

Suddenly the other markers reached the center. The 'view hallo' of the flights from north and south slammed out of the speaker. A second later the lads of 'Fox' flight added their voices to the mad chatter. The bandit markers scattered. They were being pushed east, leaving a trail of smashed Junkers behind them.

When every Nazi marker had been swept from the board the group captain slowly checked the reports, adding a word or two to the sheet filled in by the A. I. officer. He had never been so afraid in his life, afraid he would go into an emotional spin should anyone say a single word about the lad. He waited until all observation posts had reported in and then gave the order for the all clear to be passed along. Through it all he had hoped there would be some news of Hubert.

He hurried out of headquarters, struggling to hold his feelings in check, and found Nora sitting in her car where she and Hubert usually waited for each other. He was thankful for the darkness.

"He's gone," she murmured as the group captain got in beside her. "He'll never see it."

"Nora!" He swallowed the thing welling in his throat. "Let go. Don't try to hold them back."

"I . . . I can't. I feel all dry inside. Everything seemed so perfect last night." She stared through the windshield at a pair of searchlights that wouldn't believe the raiders had gone.

"You'll have to put in for leave now," he said. "You will want the youngster to remember him by."

"No," she said. Her voice seemed on the point of breaking. He wished it would. "I'll try to do my bit so the baby will have a decent world to grow up in. Remember, this isn't just our battle."

The group captain was si-

lent a moment. Then he turned toward her. "I'm glad his mother isn't alive to know what I had to do."

"But she'd be proud," Nora exclaimed. "Proud of both of you, just as I am. What else could you have done?"

"Group Captain Clough! Group Captain Clough!" The call came from the darkened door of headquarters.

"Yes," the group captain answered.

"Telephone, sir. Fighter Command Headquarters."

"Be a minute, Nora," he said softly. He left her in the car and limped slowly toward the building looming in the dark of the blackout.

When he came out he was running awkwardly. "Nora!" he said huskily. "Hubert's alive. He's in the hospital. . . . No, let me drive. I'm more familiar with the road."

"How bad?" she asked as he meshed the gears.

"Bullet dented that thick Clough noggin of his," the group captain chuckled. "Came to just in time to bail out. Got another in the shoulder. Be out long before the big event."

"Oh!" she gasped. Her dammed up emotions broke. Her eyes flooded.

"PUKKA little scramble, wasn't it?" Hubert smiled when Nora had calmed enough to be satisfied with holding his hand. "Too bad about Davis. Stout chap. By the way, Dad. One of the Nazi pilots is in the next room. Haven't you often mentioned a Baron von Reichtor? . . . That's the chap."

Group Captain Clough got to his feet, smiled at Nora whose tears had evaporated with joy, and slipped from the room. He waited in the corridor for an M. O. and after get-

ting permission opened the door and stepped in.

"Parker!" the man on the bed exclaimed weakly. "I was going to ask them to get you. How did you know?"

"The lad was in one of those three Spitfires this afternoon," the group captain said as he stepped to the side of the bed. "He's in the next room."

"Bad?" the baron asked.

"No," Clough said. "He'll be all right. Queer, isn't it? In the first war you got me. Now it's the boy."

"But where were you?" the German asked.

"I was in the control room, Baron. You said we'd meet across a board again, didn't you?"

"You mean it was you who ordered those three planes to attack us? Even when one of them was flown by your son?"

The group captain nodded.

The German's pain-weary face softened. "You remembered your lesson. You used your pawns."

"Anything I can do for you?" the Englishman asked.

The baron started to shake his head. "No, wait. If your intelligence officers have not torn it up, in a search for information, see if you can get my tunic."

The group captain stepped into the corridor. In a few minutes he returned with the torn, blood-smeared fragment of garment that a few hours before had been part of a tailored uniform. He wondered as he placed it in the baron's hands.

"Ah, here it is, Parker." The baron took the black notebook from a pocket. He slid the pencil from its holder, wrote a moment, then tearing out the page handed it to the Englishman. "The record is yours to keep now, Parker."

The M. O. entered and nodded

for the group captain to leave.

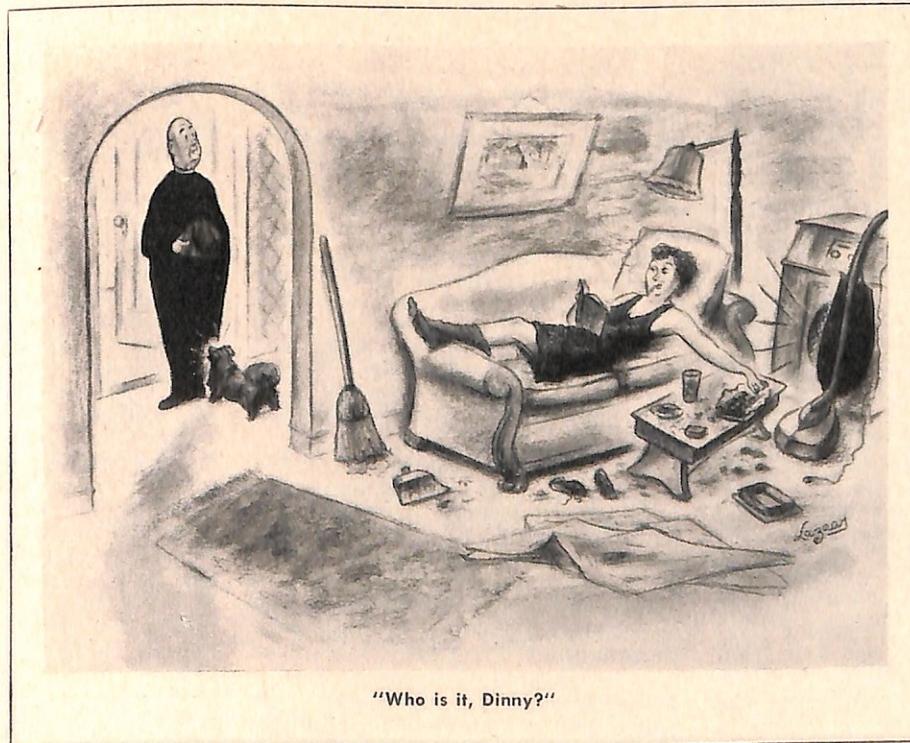
Clough held out his hand to the man on the bed. "Auf Wiedersehen."

Baron von Reichtor smiled and shook his head. "This is goodbye, not auf Wiedersehen, Parker."

Their hands met. For a moment their eyes held. Then the group captain turned and left the room.

As he closed the door he glanced at the leaf torn from the notebook. The words said:

*D e c i d i n g
game won by
Group Captain
Parker Clough,
R.A.F., using a
Spitfire gambit.*



Harvest of Hunger

(Continued from page 11)

whole wheat bread wasn't much better. Most of it was less than half whole wheat. Whose fault was it? Nobody's. America cut its wheat. That means the vital energy-building elements were taken out of it. It produced white bread. But ordinary white bread wasn't enough. The public thought white bread was good bread, therefore the public thought a super-white bread was even better and demanded it.

And to make its bread whiter and better than any, Continental Baking Company, world's largest bakers, for several years spent upwards of \$500,000 a year extra for special "high grade" flour.

BUT a few years ago when a few people became aware of the possible dietary importance of some vitamins and minerals, M. Lee Marshall, alert head of Continental, began investigating bread, vitamins and food. When he learned of the value of the elements being milled out of wheat he quietly began plans for enriching his white bread, putting back into it some of these vital substances that were being taken out. Meanwhile he worked on a revolutionary new milling process for wheat flour, one that would retain most of every important property which nature created in the grain.

The result has been a significant success—the creation of a new bread of super strength-building properties. Continental's new Earle process peels off the micro-thin outside layer of the wheat grain. This first of seven layers is bitter and has no nutritive value. With the balance of the grain it is now possible to mill a bread flour that retains over 70 percent of the invaluable natural high vitamins found in wheat. With special enriched yeast and milk added, the result is a rich, creamy-white loaf which tastes even better than ordinary bread. When it was introduced experimentally without advertising or fanfare, and at no extra cost, the public bought it up faster than it could be baked.

Today over six million loaves of this vigor-building bread are being baked every week. Production will be doubled when priorities are granted for the infinitesimal amount of metal and rubber required for the simple conversion of standard mills to the Earle process. There is hope that soon the peeling process may be applied to all American bread, for Continental has voluntarily agreed to make the process available to all millers. Super-charged bread will be another milestone in building the health of the people.

The importance of the wheat vitamin in the war effort has also been recognized in England, but by national law. In April white bread was legally banned in Britain and a

national wheat-meal loaf containing 85% of the whole wheat grain was substituted. This is now the standard loaf throughout Britain.

But there are many other foods besides bread. Is it possible that bread alone could really have undermined our strength? A prominent scientist has pointed out this striking piece of evidence: White-bread-eating England, France and the United States have cut their grain. Japan, Germany and Russia have not. The physical vigor and stamina of the people of these three countries have amazed the world. German tank crews, captured after as much as seventy hours of continuous battle, have been found full of vitality—and fight. The Japanese conquest of the Malayan jungle was an "impossible" feat of physical endurance. The Russian resistance to Hitler's mechanized and faultlessly organized might has been a miracle of the war. Such courageous and heroic tenacity as Russia's doesn't occur on a national scale among millions of undernourished people.

THE importance of whole wheat flour in bread as a sustaining element in a deficient diet is now being subjected to exhaustive tests by Dr. Tom Douglas Spies (pronounced Spees) whose nutrition clinic staff of a score of hunger fighters at the Hillman Hospital in Birmingham is perhaps the most important diet and vitamin testing and proving ground in America. The research work of this clinic is estimated to be more extensive than the combined total of all other such similar agencies in the country.

Here, under conditions as near to laboratory control as it is possible to produce, fifty poor-white mountain families who have never had enough to eat are serving as human test tubes for studying and measuring the value of whole wheat bread. Twenty-five of these families are provided with special whole wheat bread—one-half a loaf a day per person—as a supplement to their regular food. The balance of the families are given the equivalent value in money, five cents, to spend for any food, including candy and soda pop, that they wish. No instruction as to diet is given them but a record is kept of every expenditure they make.

This study will require a minimum of one year, and possibly longer, to complete. But already one promising effect has been noted. The poor people of this area suffer from numerous unexplained aches and pains. One of these frequently is a constant stomach-ache. But with those families using the whole wheat bread, all traces of the stomach-ache disappeared after one week. This study will provide the first clinical

measure of the value of whole wheat bread alone in the prevention of hunger sickness. It will also shed light on how these people would spend small additional sums for food.

Energetic, boyish, fact-finding Tom Spies, who now directs the clinic and its investigations of the diets of some 25,000 people a year, first learned about hunger sickness as a youngster growing up in Texas. The mother of a playmate died from pellagra. Each year he watched other neighbors go insane or die from the disease. At medical school he studied pellagra with a conviction born of belief that something should be done about it. Fortune gave him a pellagrin as one of his first patients when he interned at Cleveland's Lakeside Hospital. When the patient died, young Spies was shocked. He checked over Lakeside's mortality records to see if the disease was often fatal and there he learned that despite the best scientific treatment 54 percent of all such patients died. What was true of Lakeside was true also of other top hospitals.

WITH a young assistant, Miss Jean M. Grant, Spies began a concentrated attack on pellagra. In three years he had reduced the death rate at Lakeside from 54 percent to six percent. But skeptical medical men from the South, where pellagra is a major problem, doubted that Spies' success could be duplicated there. Challenged, Spies started the Birmingham Clinic and reduced the death rate for hospitalized pellagrins to zero!

How Dr. Spies accomplished this is no secret. He knew that pellagra was caused by deficient diet and could be prevented with a diet which included liver extract, yeast and wheat germ. To effect a cure Spies stepped up the quantities enormously. His patients got well.

Since that time Dr. Spies, with Miss Grant and a growing staff, has performed vitamin miracles. Not all of them have yet been explained scientifically; it frequently takes several months or a year of close study and observation before any of the Spies group will venture an opinion on a new development. But when they do announce something, it carries authority.

Spies has used the thiamin vitamin to relieve pain from nutritional neuritis which was so intense that patients had been unable to sleep even after taking narcotics. Sometimes within thirty minutes he has with this vitamin transformed a timid, apprehensive depressed person into a friendly, smiling and happy human being.

His vitamin treatment has enabled semi-invalids to return to their work in steel mills after hope had

been abandoned for their permanent and effective recovery. It has transformed rejected draftees into acceptable fighting men. In ten thousand consecutive cases treated by Dr. Spies and his staff, not one death has occurred. A few years ago more than half of these patients would certainly have died.

One subject on which Dr. Spies' opinion is constantly sought is the effect of vitamins on grey hair. The rumor has spread that pantothenic acid, or some vitamin, will change grey hair to its natural color more effectively than dye. Spies acknowledges that this happens occasionally. More than two years ago he said, "Following the administration of (nicotinic acid compounds) unexplained phenomena in regard to hair growth and hearing have been reported by some persons. A few who had had a noticeable loss of hair have observed a striking increase in the growth of hair. Two of the many older persons treated stated that while their hair had been grey for a number of years, the color of the new hair was similar to what it had been when they were fifteen or twenty years of age. A few persons who did not hear well have had spectacular improvement in hearing." Some people might read into that statement the inference that vitamins can cure baldness, grey hair and deafness. But Spies hasn't said so. And what he has stated are the facts.

ANOTHER researcher using a Vitamin B Complex, para-amino-benzoic acid, on a group of prisoners recently claimed some results of color change of grey hair after six months of continuous dosage. But, more significantly, he reported also that this vitamin treatment of prisoners "improved their feeling of well-being and markedly increased the libido in almost all the cases, varying in age from 29 to 57 years".

Libido sometimes describes sex-power; sometimes tough, two-fistedness. Whatever it is, it is generally agreed that men who have lots of it can lick men who haven't.

Although there is no reliable evidence yet that vitamins can directly increase average sex potency, there is plenty of proof of their effect on morale. Testing thousands of men, women and children suffering from hunger sickness, Dr. Spies has been able to observe the serious effects on mental attitude caused by lack of the right kind of foods, notably that which contains thiamin, or Vitamin B₁. People lacking thiamin appear to be just plain lazy. They haven't much gumption or much spirit. Asked to do things, they reply constantly that "they just don't feel like it". Usually they are short-tempered and inclined to be completely unreasonable and irritable. They sometimes have headaches and acute difficulty in sleeping. They are nervous and nearly always tired. With hunger sickness constantly sapping their ambition, if they get on "relief" they

IF YOU WANT TO WIN A WAR

Eat Food That Builds Strength and Vigor

Dr. Tom Douglas Spies, whose nutrition clinic in Birmingham, Alabama, treats and studies more than 25,000 cases of hunger sickness a year and leads the world in vitamin research, sets forth the following seven food rules for the average person under normal conditions.

1. At least one pint of milk a day for every adult and a quart for every child. One-half this amount of evaporated milk may be used or ten tablespoons of dried milk may be substituted for one pint of fresh milk.
2. A serving of lean meat daily for every adult and every child over eight years of age, and from two to four servings a week for children under eight.
3. One egg daily for every adult and every child over three years of age, and four a week for children under three.
4. One serving of fresh or canned tomato or citrus fruit juice daily for both adults and children (for young children at least 9 ounces of tomato juice or 3 ounces of orange juice).
5. One serving of potato every day for adults and children; two servings of other vegetables for adults and one serving for children under eight years of age. Four to five servings of dried vegetables or nuts for adults and two to three servings for older children.
6. One serving of whole grain cereal a day for adults and children. Three slices of bread for young children and six slices a day for older children and adults. (Whenever possible use whole grain bread.)
7. Guard against loss of vitamins and minerals in cooking.

Proper Diet Is Not A Woman's Job—It's America's Job

are likely to allow themselves to stay there.

One such man described himself: "I mean I get mad at the least little thing. Fly right off the handle. So mad sometimes I could take a knife and cut a fellow's throat. At times I could hardly stand my own people around me, I'd get so torn up with nerves."

Another patient, a young married woman, became frightened at night and made her husband get up and look around for things she imagined she heard. She was afraid to be alone because she thought something was going to grab her. She didn't like crowds and cried easily. She was depressed—the spirit had gone out of her.

Within thirty minutes to twenty hours after an injection of Vitamin B₁, such symptoms subsided! In hundreds of other similar cases Dr. Spies has had these results.

Obviously people in such a mental state do not make good soldiers or good workers or even good citizens. These aren't average cases, however. These persons are subnormal. But if such symptoms occur where there is a serious deficiency, isn't it entirely possible that they also occur in proportionately milder form where the lack is not so marked? Logically the answer is yes. But scientifically the answer is a question mark. No one knows, although some pretty strong suspicions are being formed. It will take time to find out. But the comparison of the white bread eaters vs. the eaters of black bread provides a rule-of-thumb answer.

THE importance of food is found not only in the sense of power or well-being expressed by a person who is properly fed. Undernourished people are much more susceptible to infectious diseases than those who get the right food. The connection between nutrition and many such diseases is now being thoroughly analyzed. But the evidence so far unearthed by the relation between the two is so clear that scientists declare that, if Europe collapses from lack of food, it will be due not to actual starvation but to lowered resistance to infectious diseases. For one discovery has just been made: that proteins are essential if our blood is to manufacture quantities of disease-fighting antibodies. If there isn't enough protein in our diet, we are unable to fight off germs that will kill us unless we kill them. Where there is insufficient protein, even vaccinations do not immunize.

When people go insane from acute alcoholism they are suffering not from too much alcohol but from too little food. Spies has repeatedly demonstrated this by taking raving alcoholics out of asylums, giving them a vitamin injection and in a matter of a few minutes or hours restoring them to apparent mental normalcy. Neuritis and other even more serious symptoms in chronic

alcoholics have disappeared under proper diet treatment even though the patient continued to drink a quart to a quart and a half of whiskey a day.

Dr. Spies has also restored to sanity many people driven insane from hunger sickness. The effect of injections of the proper vitamins is almost invariably immediate. Such people have not only been given clear minds; through vitamin treatment and subsequent proper eating, they have been returned to their normal place in the community, holding jobs and supporting themselves and their families.

VITAMINS also have a marked effect on eyesight, though how much is still not definitely known. But 70 percent of the patients at Spies' Birmingham Clinic have something the matter with their eyes, and much of it can be cleared up with proper diet. Vitamin A or riboflavin, or both, have often enabled patients to read or to open their eyes wide in a lighted room, an act which previously had been cruelly painful. In India where whole masses of the population suffer from eye diseases there is almost no Vitamin A or riboflavin in the diet.

The effect of vitamins on night vision has already been noted by Dr. Spies who pointed out, long before the R.A.F. night fighters began eating carrots, that Vitamin A remarkably increased ability to see at night.

One of the major problems in raising the level of American strength and vigor is that a large proportion of the population cannot afford to spend more money for food. Although emergency injections of vitamins can save lives and put people back on their feet, the condition caused by lack of the Vitamin B components must be prevented by regular diet. But hundreds of thousands of people have no more than eight dollars a month for food and fuel and some have even less. That works out to about twenty-seven cents a day per person, which doesn't buy much in the way of vitamin-producing food.

In order to meet this problem, Dr. Spies has been searching for some low-cost food substance that can be added to a minimum diet and which will serve to prevent, in some measure, at least, the serious effects of continued diets below subsistence levels. Such a substance must be cheap. It would do no good, for example, to tell people that liver was good for them and they ought to buy more of it, if there is no money with which to buy liver. It must be exceptionally nutritive to do the job, and it must be palatable or people won't eat it. In addition, the sub-

stance needed must be widely distributed and easily stored. Characteristically, Spies looked about him and decided that the base for the new concoction would be the southern goober or peanut. A high-grade dried brewer's yeast would be the therapeutic agent.

The final mixture worked out to 37 percent peanut butter, eight percent peanut oil and 25 percent yeast. Pound for pound, this compound contains as much carbohydrate as potatoes, more protein than steak and one-half as much fat as butter. All of the first group of patients fed the mixture improved. Now it is being tested in actual use in mountaineer homes. Part of the family eats the mixture in addition to whatever other food is served. The rest of the family does not. When the first year of this test is over, Tom Spies and his group of researchers doubtless will have something new to announce.

THE list of studies on which Dr. Spies and his staff are now engaged covers two typewritten pages when each item is reduced to a two-line sentence. Most of these projects are as technical as they are important. But Spies is eager to do two new jobs, which indicate both the range and the thoroughness of this vital research project.

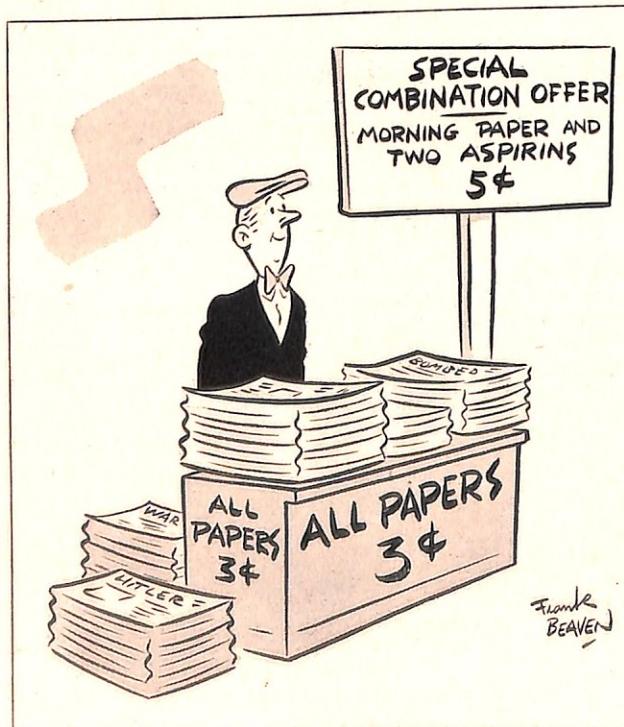
First he needs to establish a nutrition ward in the Hillman Hospital. As volunteer patients he would secure twenty of his mountaineer friends who in the past six years have learned to respect and admire him and his good medicine. They would stay in the hospital for a year and allow themselves to be treated with every kind of diet. With these men and women as living laboratories, Spies and his associates could periodically analyze the changes in

the chemistry of their bodies with all the precision of modern laboratory science. Because a large part of the American Army may be fighting in the tropics on vitamin loss through excessive perspiration, a group of these patients could be placed in weather-controlled rooms where the humidity and heat can be made to duplicate any tropical area in the world. If the Army or Navy air corps wants more information on diets for night fliers, Spies could black out a portion of this ward and run his tests. Like all people, these subjects would be similar to a bottle of mixed and changing chemicals. Only this time Dr. Spies would have the bottle labeled.

Another job Spies wants to do is teach what he knows. He is now an associate professor of medicine at the University of Cincinnati, which wisely and generously gives him leave of absence to devote time to the Birmingham clinical work. But what is known about vitamins had largely been discovered since most U. S. doctors commenced practice. To help them recognize the upwards of one hundred already known symptoms of hunger sickness, Dr. Spies hopes to conduct continuous classes for them at the clinic in Birmingham. Only three days' school will be necessary for a complete course, which could be given free of charge. With groups of fifty or more physicians every week (several hundred could be accommodated) learning how to recognize and to treat hunger sickness, the effect on the war effort will be incalculably beneficial.

THE answer to these projects—in fact, to the continuance of the entire clinic—is money. Operating on a shoestring, refusing huge sums to act as a commercial consultant, Spies often doesn't know where his staff payroll is coming from. Much of his time—too much—is being spent away from his laboratory while he is out scratching for funds. All his staff work seven days a week, but under the impetus of the war he would drive them and himself harder if he could. He knows that there is much to learn and very little time left to spend in study.

And many scientists believe with him that despite the revelations of the past eight or ten years, we now have no more than a smattering of ignorance about what we should eat in order to function at maximum efficiency. But the discoveries and almost miraculous cures already made indicate that at least we are nearing the threshold of a new and more vigorous life. We can hope that in the days ahead we will no longer reap the harvest of hunger. By proper eating we can come into what is our heritage, the harvest of health.



News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 31)

NEBRASKA

THE Nebraska State Elks Association held one of its most successful conventions at Kearney on June 13-14-15. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., was present as a special guest. All but three of the State lodges were represented and the number of delegates attending was the largest in recent years. In the finals of the State Ritualistic Contest, held in the Crystal Room of the Fort Kearney Hotel, Grand Island Lodge No. 604, representing Nebraska, West, won over Beatrice Lodge No. 619, representing Nebraska, East.

The Nebraska lodges showed a net gain of more than 600 members for the past year. Fine work was performed by the Benevolence Commission in aiding crippled children. All of the lodges were reported active and in healthy condition. June the 12th, 13th and 14th were set as dates for next year's convention which will be held under the auspices of Chadron Lodge No. 1399, and officers for 1942-43 were elected as follows: Pres., A. C. Bintz, Lincoln; 1st Vice-Pres., Paul N. Kirk, Grand Island; 2nd Vice-Pres., M. J. Graham, Kearney; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. P. Glasgow, Chadron; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; Treas., F. C. Laird, Fremont; Trustees: J. M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, T. J. Connelly, Lincoln, F. R. Dickson, Kearney; Tiler, Nick Tritz, Chadron; Sergeant-at-Arms, Rex Coffee, Chadron; Chaplain, the Rev. Francis J. Tschida, Kearney. W. J. Sheehan, of Grand Island, was made Chairman of the Past Exalted Rulers Association. August Schneider, of Benedict, will continue to serve as Chairman of the Benevolence Commission.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner was the principal speaker at the Past Exalted Rulers Banquet, the Convention Banquet for Elks and their ladies, at which retiring President Hugh D. Schooley, of Alliance Lodge, acted as Toastmaster, and the public Flag Day Service held at Harmon Park with an approximate attendance of 2,000 persons. Mr. Warner also delivered the Memorial Address at the annual Lodge of Sorrow, memorializing Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, of Fairbury Lodge, and other deceased members of Nebraska lodges. The first business meeting was opened by E.R. H. I. Bishop, of Kearney Lodge. Mayor Iran Mattson gave the welcoming address.

Kearney Lodge No. 984 executed a magnificently planned program which included stag parties, luncheons—one for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries with President-elect Bintz presiding, another for the Benevolence Commission, presided over by Mr. Schneider—and a dance on Monday evening in the Crystal Ballroom at the Fort Kearney Hotel which brought the convention activities to a close. A

luncheon and bridge party on Sunday and an afternoon tea in the Buffalo Room of the lodge home were given for the entertainment of visiting ladies.

IOWA

With a large attendance and a representation of 34 of the State's 37 lodges, the 37th Annual Convention of the Iowa State Elks Association was held on June 13-14-15 at Sioux City. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Charles R. Logan, Keokuk, Ia., and Lloyd Maxwell, of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, Past Grand Treasurer and former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, were guests.

Convention Chairman A. R. Perasso, P.E.R. of the host lodge, Sioux City No. 112, and the members of his committee arranged a suitable program, patriotic, interesting and instructive. The convention opened on Saturday with a stag banquet at 6:30 p.m. at the Hotel Martin. Mr. Warner was the guest speaker. A Visiting Elks' Ladies Dinner was held at the same time at the Sioux City Country Club, after which the ladies were returned to the lodge home where a dance was given followed by the presentation of an enjoyable floor show.

A trapshoot at the Sioux City Gun Club on Lake McCook and the golf tournament at the country club preceded the Sunday morning business session. The Ritualistic Contest, at 2:30 p.m., was won by Decorah Lodge No. 443. The Flag Day Service, open to the public, was held that evening in the Band Shell at Grand View Park. It was attended by 18,000 persons and was one of the outstanding events of the convention. The Sioux City officers, headed by E.R. Everett Waller, officiated in the Liberty Bell Ceremony. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Mr. Maxwell, the Tribute to the Flag by retiring President Harry N. Moetzel, of Des Moines. Music was furnished by the famous Monahan Post Band. General Charles H. Grah, Adjutant General of Iowa, was the principal speaker.

New State officers were elected at the final business session on Monday as fol-

lows: Pres., A. R. Perasso, Sioux City; Vice-Pres.'s: West, Fred L. Luce, Creston; S. E., Otto F. Saul, Ottumwa; N. E., W. F. Penaluma, Waterloo; Secy., re-elected, Jesse Ward, Iowa City; Treas., reelected, E. A. Erb, Burlington; Trustee, Albert F. Duerr, Davenport. Burlington Lodge No. 84 was awarded the 1943 Convention. Iowa City Lodge No. 590 will entertain the Association at its mid-winter meeting. Beautiful Memorial Services were held at 10:30 on the last day of the meeting, the memorial address being given by the Rev. Father F. J. Frein, of Webster City Lodge, State Chaplain.

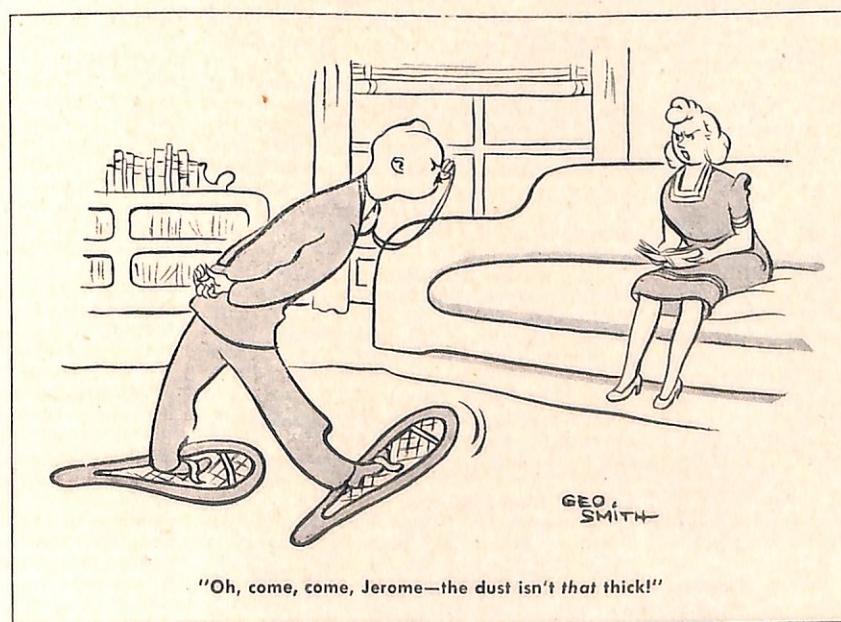
KENTUCKY

Ashland Lodge No. 350 entertained the Kentucky State Elks Association during its three-day annual convention which opened on June 14 with a reception at the lodge home for the State officers and delegates. Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, and State Health Officer John B. Floyd, P.E.R. of Richmond, Ky., Lodge, were honor guests. Past State President Arnold Westermann of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, installed the new officers, elected as follows: Pres., Sylvester H. Grove, Louisville; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. Bernard Lipsitz, Ashland; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. T. Duncan, Owensboro; 3rd Vice-Pres., O. M. Howard, Cynthiana; Secy.-Treas., Richard Slack, Owensboro; Trustees: F. A. Homra, Fulton, Kelly D. Harper, Catlettsburg, W. M. Sellmeyer, Covington.

Registration showed a total attendance of 642. The first business session on Monday the 15th was followed by a barbecue at Armcro Park. A patriotic parade, the largest ever held in Ashland, began to move at 7:30 p.m. Floats and bands were entered from all parts of the State. The parade was followed by a street dance in front of the lodge home to which the public was invited.

While the Elks were enjoying a noon fish fry after the Tuesday business session, the ladies were attending a bridge luncheon at the Henry Clay Hotel. At

2:30 p.m., the anti-tubercular unit, donated by the Kentucky State Elks Association, was presented by State President Paul Smith, of Covington Lodge, to Dr. Floyd who represented the Governor in accepting the gift. The unit, a truck and trailer manned by a technician, a nurse and a clerk, was placed in service as the State Board of Health's first tuberculosis clinic. Use of special X-ray equipment was granted the State Board's tuberculosis division, of which Dr. Floyd is the director, by the United States Public Health Service. Funds for purchase of the unit were raised by the Kentucky lodges in a



drive held during the first week of last February.

Grand Trustee Wade Kepner gave an inspiring talk at the banquet for Elks and their ladies held on Tuesday evening at the Henry Clay Hotel. The dinner was followed by the convention ball at Cliffside Casino, the closing event of one of the Association's most successful meetings.

MINNESOTA

The Minnesota State Elks Association held its 38th Annual Convention in the city of Winona on June the 13th and 14th. On account of war conditions, convention dates were cut to two days. American Flags flew throughout the city, but there were no floats in the convention parade and no city decorations. Social activities were curtailed, although Winona Lodge No. 327, under whose auspices the meeting was held, saw to it that ample entertainment was provided for delegates and visitors.

Committee meetings were held on Saturday morning, followed by a stag luncheon at noon at the lodge home. The business session, held in the community room of the city building, was called to order at two p.m. by State President Edwin H. Jones, of St. Cloud Lodge. Welfare work at Rochester, Minn., was covered fully in the report made by the Elks' representative, L. N. Haggerty, of Rochester Lodge, and a report was made on the Elks' Fort Snelling program. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, who attended the session as a representative of the Grand Lodge, displayed a keen interest in all of the proceedings.

New officers were elected as follows: Pres., William P. Faley, St. Paul; 1st Vice-Pres., Jesse A. Rose, International Falls; 2nd Vice-Pres., A. E. Fretheim, Albert Lea; 3rd Vice-Pres., F. W. Greenagel, Fergus Falls; Secy., E. Archie Cook, St. Cloud; Treas., O. C. Paulson, Thief River Falls; Trustee for three years, Ray Brunelle, St. Paul.

More than 600 Elks and ladies attended the banquet and dance held that evening at the lodge home. Mr. McFarland and Minnesota's junior Senator, Joseph H. Ball, were speakers.

Many Elks attended their respective churches on Sunday morning. A breakfast was given for all Exalted Rulers and Secretaries attending the convention and sightseeing tours were arranged for visiting guests. Hundreds of members of the Order, with drum corps and bands, and representatives of other organizations took part that afternoon in a parade which marched from the lodge home to the park where impressive services were held in the presence of a large audience.

LOUISIANA

The annual convention of the Louisiana State Elks Association was held at Franklin on Sunday, June 14. All of the lodges in the State except two were represented in the attendance of 117. It being felt that world conditions justified only the conduct of business, no contests were held and social activities were limited. A buffet luncheon was served after the meeting.

Election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., H. Vincent Moseley, Opelousas; 1st Vice-Pres., Murphy J. Foster, Franklin; 2nd Vice-Pres., Sol Pressburg, Alexandria; Secy., Willis C. McDonald, New Orleans; Treas., Clarence LaCroix, Baton Rouge.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, of New Orleans Lodge, the

principal speaker at the meeting, stated that a portion of the sum appropriated by the Order for war work had been allocated to New Orleans Lodge No. 30 because of the large number of soldiers moving in and out of the city and the fact that the lodge is doing everything possible for their convenience and comfort. All of the lodges in the State have agreed to subordinate everything to war activities and to endeavor to repeat the increase in membership shown during the year 1941-42. Patriotic ceremonies, preceded by a colorful parade, were held at the courthouse at three o'clock. Mr. Rightor gave the history of the Flag; the Honorable J. Louis Watkins, of Houma, La., delivered the principal address. The officers of New Orleans Lodge exemplified the Ritual.

VIRGINIA

The Virginia State Elks Association, meeting at Charlottesville for its 33rd Annual Convention, held a one-day business session on June 15. War activities made it necessary to change the meeting place and also the dates in order to combine two events, the annual meeting and the Flag Day exercises at Monticello sponsored by the State Association on the preceding day and held under the auspices of the Flag Day Committee of which Past President Randolph H. Perry, Charlottesville, is Chairman. Past Grand Treasurer Robert S. Barrett of Alexandria Lodge, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, was the principal speaker. Past President Morris L. Masinter, of Roanoke, gave the history of the Flag.

A seriousness of purpose characterized the business session. Reports filed by the officers and committees showed that the Association had had an unusually successful year. President John L. Walker, Roanoke, reported that the 17 lodges of the State spent \$41,433.14 for charitable and general welfare work, that 11 showed an increase in membership resulting in a net increase for the year in the State, and that for the first time in several years all of the Virginia lodges were affiliated with the State Association. Although he recommended that the regular work of the Association be continued, the retiring president stated that projects of the Elks War Commission should be given priority over all other endeavors of the State body. The Memorial Address was delivered by P.E.R. Lawrence H. Hoover, of Harrisonburg Lodge. The Association voted to purchase \$2,500 worth of War Bonds.

Despite limitations on transportation, the attendance was unusually good. The two District Deputies of the State, J. A. Cline, of Richmond, and Charles D. Fox, Jr., Roanoke, were present. The social side of the convention was not stressed this year, but ample entertainment was furnished by the host lodge, Charlottesville No. 339.

State officers for 1942-43 are as follows: Elected: Pres., R. M. Ward, Newport News; 1st Vice-Pres., W. S. Chisholm, Charlottesville; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. Marshall King, Fredericksburg; 3rd Vice-Pres., E. J. Treger, Alexandria; Secy., H. E. Dyer, Roanoke; Treas., W. Edgar Sipe, Harrisonburg; Trustee, John L. Walker, Roanoke; Appointed: Chaplain, A. M. Clay, Roanoke; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ed. Witty, Newport News; Tiler, Percy F. Sowers, Harrisonburg; Committee Chairmen appointed: Social and Community Welfare, Morris L. Masinter, Roanoke; Flag Day, Randolph H. Perry, Charlottesville; Ritualistic, Wiley W. Wood, Norfolk; Special Legislative Committee

to secure from the State increased appropriations for tuberculosis hospitals, M. B. Wagenheim, Norfolk. An interesting fact was noted in connection with the installation of the new officers, three of whom are sons of past presidents of the State Association. The late M. P. Ward, father of the new president, served in 1921-22. The late J. A. Chisholm, father of the present first vice-president, and the late J. Garnett King, father of the second vice-president, served in 1909-10 and 1928-29 respectively.

MICHIGAN

Two days before the official opening of the 37th Annual Convention of the Michigan State Elks Association, held on Friday and Saturday, June the 19th and 20th, the host lodge, Pontiac No. 810, welcomed the first arrivals among the more than 2,000 Elks and ladies who attended. A mixer dancing party was given on Thursday evening in a big tent erected on the grounds of the lodge home.

Preparations made by Pontiac Lodge for the reception and entertainment of the visitors were complete and all were delighted with the hospitality extended and the perfection of the arrangements. Even the weather was ideal. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Past Grand Treasurer and former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and F. H. Bradshaw, Lansing, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, were among the prominent members of the Order in attendance. State President Albert J. Ott, Traverse City, presided at the business sessions.

The official opening of the convention on Friday morning was followed by the annual Lodge of Sorrow conducted by Pontiac Lodge, a group luncheon in the Elks' rathskeller addressed by the Honorable Murray D. Van Wagoner, Governor of Michigan, the afternoon business session, the ritualistic contest at the Masonic Temple, in which 15 degree teams participated, a baseball game at 6 p.m., and a dance and floor show that evening in the big tent. On Saturday the ritualistic contest was continued and at the final business session at 1 p.m., the new State officers were installed by Flint Lodge No. 222 as follows: Pres., Leo N. Dine, Saginaw; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Benjamin F. Watson, Lansing; District Vice-Pres.'s: N. W., Con C. Eddy, Petoskey; N. Cent., Don J. Bittel, Alma; S. W., John Hickmott, Kalamazoo; Cent., Robert H. Kirschman, Jr., Battle Creek; West, Edwin P. Breen, Grand Rapids; East, Albert C. Lyon, Flint; Upper Peninsula, N. C. Ruddell, Ironwood; Secy., Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw; Treas., James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek; Trustees: four years, William T. Evans, Muskegon; three years, F. O. Logic, Iron Mountain. Ned Bomers, Grand Rapids, and Owen J. Gavigan, of Ludington Lodge, were appointed Chaplain of the State Association and Chairman of the Mich. Elks War Commission respectively. Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48 was awarded the 1943 convention.

The President's Banquet held on Saturday at 6:30 in the Elks' ballroom, with Secretary of State Harry F. Kelly as the principal speaker and P.E.R. Benjamin F. Watson, of Lansing, acting as Toastmaster, was followed by the President's Ball in the tent on the grounds. The Saginaw Elks Glee Club sang at the banquet. Open house was held at the home of Pontiac Lodge all day Sunday. A special program for the ladies included a golf luncheon and bridge at

the Pine Lake Country Club on Friday and a luncheon the next day in the bamboo room of the Kingsley in Bloomfield Hills. P.E.R. Charles A. Sparks was General Chairman.

Winners of prizes in the Ritualistic and Drill team contests were posted as follows: Class A: First, Niles Lodge, \$100 cash and possession of the Ritualistic Cup for one year; second, Lansing, \$75; third, Kalamazoo, \$50; Class B: First, Battle Creek, \$75 cash and possession of the John Burch Trophy; second, Traverse City, \$25; Class A: (Drill Teams or Esquire's Escort) First, Lansing, \$75; second, Kalamazoo, \$50; third, Niles, \$25; Class B: First, Battle Creek, \$50; second, Grand Haven, \$25. Reports showed a net membership gain of 1,348, an increase in charitable expenditures of \$7,595.92, a total of \$5,070.55 contributed to the Elks War Commission of the Grand Lodge and total War Bond purchases amounting to \$156,000.

NEW JERSEY

The Annual Meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held on Sunday, June 21, in the home of Elizabeth Lodge No. 289. Two hundred Elks registered and 60 of the State's 62 lodges were represented. About 250 ladies attended. E.R. Charles T. Shallcross welcomed the delegates. Mayor James T. Kirk, who extended a welcome on behalf of the city, commended the Elks for eliminating this year's parade and diverting the amount which would have been spent to the purchase of War Bonds. He is a member of Elizabeth Lodge which, he stated, had bought more than \$12,000 worth.

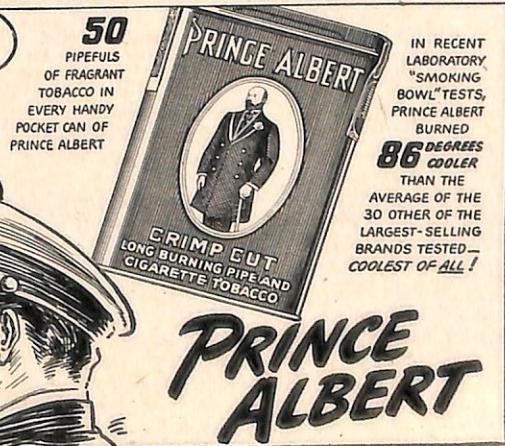
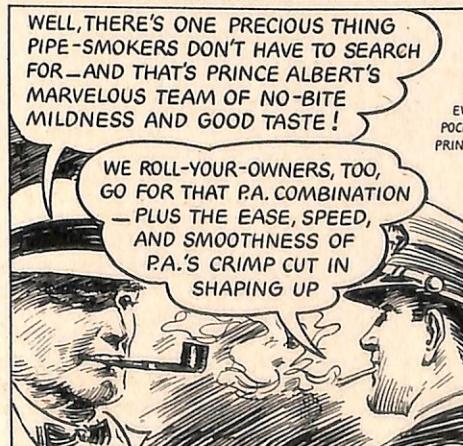
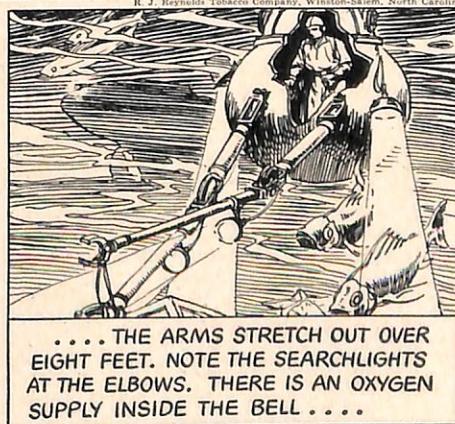
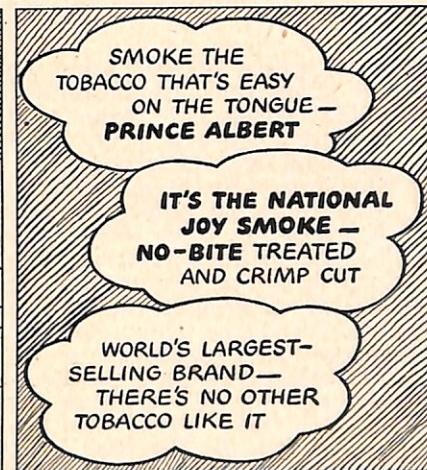
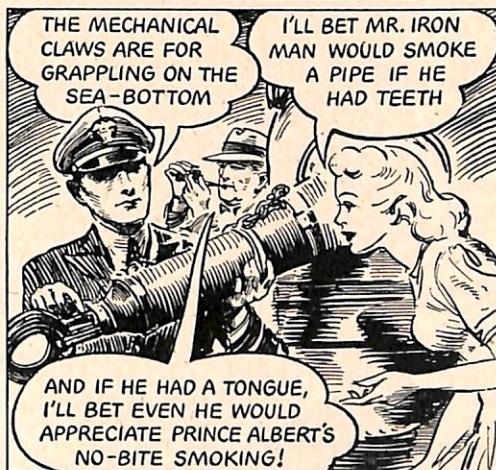
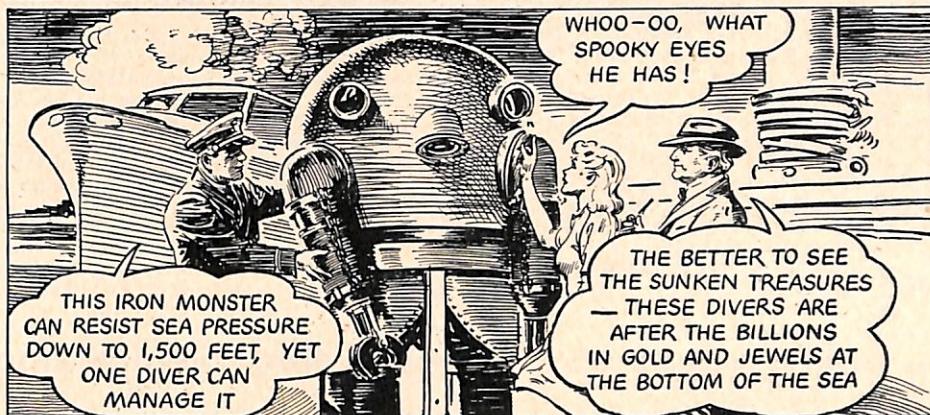
The business session was presided over by President August Greiner, of Perth Amboy. The convention was honored by the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Lodge. Mr. Buch presented the report of the Association's Crippled Children's Committee. Figures showed that \$138,015.02 had been spent for crippled children work. In addition, a total of \$139,500 was contributed by the Boards of Freeholders of the 21 counties. The Grand Lodge contributed \$1,500. During the year the number of infantile paralysis cases, 403 in all, increased. Past State Pres. Francis P. Boland, of Jersey City, Chairman of the Americanization Committee, reported the distribution of more than 2,000 courtesy cards among members of New Jersey lodges in good standing who have sons, grandsons or younger brothers in any of the branches of the United States armed service. In all cases the cards have been honored when presented and reports have been received telling of the hospitality and privileges extended to these young men in cities where lodges of the Order have homes or maintain their own quarters. A campaign to raise money for Army and Navy relief funds was approved. On recommendation of the Advisory Committee, the delegates voted to make the campaign the major activity of the year. P.E.R. Joseph A. Brophy, Secretary of State and Vice-Chairman of the Navy Relief Fund of northern New Jersey, was a speaker.

Elizabeth Lodge won the ritualistic contest. Victor H. Eichhorn, P.E.R. of No. 289 and Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee, presented the officers with a silver plaque donated by the Board of Trustees of the State Association. Mr. Eichhorn called attention to the fact that this was the sixth time Elizabeth Lodge had won first place in the State contests.

Past State President George L. Hirtzel

WONDERS OF AMERICA

On the Treasure Trail!



headed the large committee of Elizabeth Elks in charge of arrangements. A full course dinner was served for Elks and their ladies after the meeting and an elaborate stage show was presented.

Election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Pres., Harold Wertheimer, Atlantic City; Vice-Pres.'s: Northeast, Edward W. Ladd, Ridgewood; Northwest, William H. Ely, Dover; Central, Harold R. McCusker, Plainfield; South, J. Robert Kehs, Freehold; Secy., Francis J. Eagan, Weehawken; Treas., William H. Kelly, East Orange; Trustees: George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover, John H. Cose, Plainfield, Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne, and Albert E. Dearden, Trenton; Chaplain Emeritus, the Rev. Dr. Francis H. Smith, Trenton; Chaplain, Dr. Warden L. Zane, Atlantic City; Sergeant-at-Arms, Albert

Austermuhl, Camden; Inner Guard, Bernard F. Gillespie, Atlantic City; Tiler, Clarence G. Price, Mount Holly; Organist, Max Bernhardt, Bayonne. The next quarterly meeting will be held at Somerville on Sept. 27.

MONTANA

A registration of 1,294 Elks at the 40th Annual Convention of the Montana State Elks Association, held at Butte on July 2-3-4, broke all previous records. State President Frank R. Venable, of Butte Lodge, presided at the business sessions. Tom Kelly and P.E.R. Frank L. Riley, both of Butte Lodge No. 240, acted as General Chairman and Secretary of the convention committees respectively. The meeting was heralded as the "Harry A. Gallwey Jubilee Con-

vention" in honor of Mr. Gallwey, senior P.E.R. of Butte Lodge, who served the Association as its first president.

Most of the events on the program, including the annual Memorial Services, the initiation of a "Jubilee Class" and the President's Annual Ball, were staged in the beautiful home of No. 240, renovated and redecorated especially for the reception of delegates, officers and guests. Luncheons, sightseeing tours, golf and trapshooting were featured on the entertainment program.

The State Association voted to meet next year at Missoula and elected the following officers for 1941-42: Pres., James F. Higgins, Helena; 1st Vice-Pres., Joel J. Steiner, Lewistown; 2nd Vice-Pres., Robert E. Lee, Cut Bank; Secy.-Treas., Arthur Trencerry, Billings; Trustee: Jas. D. Walsh, Glendive.

The Big Red, White and Blue

(Continued from page 9)

to be pretty silly debating whether the Minnesotas, the Fordhams, the Notre Dames, the Texas Aggies or even the Chicago Bears constitute the team of this, or any other year. This was written before the teams were organized, before the personnel of the teams even was known, but making the prediction that they were to be the very best teams ever seen was like shooting fish in a barrel. The Army and the Navy have all the players they need and a score of top-drawer coaches are in the service to improve upon perfection. Cornell's Big Red never belonged in the same league with the Big Red, White and Blue which represents traditions and institutions an entire nation calls alma mater.

The Government has subsidized and sanctioned big-time football for the usual reason—to raise money. Specifically, money for Army and Navy Relief. This the teams will do to the extent of perhaps two million quick dollars and, in passing—as well as running and kicking—spoil all of us for ordinary football forevermore.

"The Army and Navy football set-up is the coach's paradise," Clark Shaughnessy, the ex-Stanford wonder worker, says. "It's almost too good to be true. The entire country is your territory for proselytizing. You don't have to fear another coach will muscle in and steal a star you've got lined up. There are no classes, eligibility rules or old grads to get in your hair. No worries about morale and team spirit. Eighteen deep in All Americas at every position. Say, you don't even have to worry about building character."

War, like politics, makes strange bed-fellows. The commanders-in-chief of the Army's football troops are Colonel Bob Neyland and Major Wallace Wade, the Colonel in charge of the task force operating in the East and the Major leading the detachment that will ravage the West Coast. Before Pearl Harbor, the Colonel and the Major annually waged a punitive war for the rich

Rose Bowl bid; if one didn't get it, the other always did, or so it seemed. Wade's Duke team got the invitation last year and Neyland's Tennessee terrors were chosen in 1940.

Although the Army's Big Red, Etc., is, for official purposes, considered a unit, it has been split into two separate teams which will play nine games in three crowded weeks. And the nature of the games suggests that the climax of the season will be seen before most of us realize the season has been launched. The All-Army heroes are playing professional teams exclusively, the best pros in circulation, and the chances are they won't be good enough to give the soldiers a real workout.

MAJOR Wade's Western group opened its campaign a few days ago at Los Angeles against the Washington Redskins. Coming up in rapid order are engagements with the Chicago Cardinals at Denver, the Detroit Lions at Detroit, the Green Bay Packers at Milwaukee and the New York Giants at Syracuse.

The eastern football army that will impress upon the pros the painful idea that war is hell is playing the Giants at New York, the Brooklyn Dodgers at Jersey City, the Chicago Bears at Boston and the Philadelphia Eagles at Philadelphia. Football nuts undoubtedly will break down doors in their zeal to get a load of the soldiers assigned to the football detail, for the lineups are studded with stars gathered under one banner, usually found only in an opium smoker's dream.

Just to allay the suspicion that the Army is spawning a breed of football super-bums, we should hasten to mention that the East and West task forces will be disbanded as soon as their schedules have been completed. Operating under the very plausible theory that its first job is the prosecution of the war, the Army is assembling its teams for not much more than a month. A month should be more than enough to demonstrate

that the Big Red, White and Blue, is the best in the broad land.

The Navy program is slightly different in that its teams will play collegians mainly. This leads us to predict that college boys will rush to enlist in the armed forces strictly in self-defense. The Japs will look like push-overs compared to the behemoths turned loose by the pre-flight schools whose teams will be coached by Minnesota's Bernie Bierman, Fordham's Jim Crowley, Southern California's Sam Barry and Oregon's Tex Oliver.

Like the Army, the Navy has such a wealth of talent that the necessity of organizing a brand new team in November—a pre-flight, three-month course ends in October, at the peak of the season—should be no trouble at all for the coaches. If the complete turnover of material does pose problems for the coaches, they will forget it, please. The Navy is in no mood to accept excuses for defeat.

Lieutenant-Commander Crowley's aviation cadets based at the University of North Carolina are playing a typical 12-game schedule. After leading off with Harvard, they take in crushing order the Georgia Cadets, North Carolina State, Boston College, Temple, Syracuse, Georgetown, Manhattan, William and Mary, Fordham, Colgate and the Iowa Cadets. The Great Lakes team opens against Notre Dame and closes with Michigan. This gives you a small idea of the depredations the service teams will wreak upon the prestige of college teams that have been surrounded by an aura of invincibility and a protective coloration of tradition.

The following brainstorm will not be received with loud hosannas of approval by certain authorities and sophomores, some of whom are not more than sixty years old, but the war can make football an honest woman again. Friends of Football, Inc., a vast, voluntary organization enlisting millions of members, must admit that their beloved game is in

the grip of trends as archaic as they are dangerous. The war can serve splendidly as a springboard out of the thick underbrush of hypocrisy that offers ambush for the bleeding hearts and professional crepe-hangars sniping at the game.

There is little doubt that football eventually will strangle itself unless certain definite abuses are checked and reduced to the irreducible minimum. Some colleges, unwilling to adopt practices seemingly necessary for success and despairing of a reform movement, have used the war as an excuse to abandon football. No one yet has made a survey of the schools that have given up the game during the last nine months, but the number is surprising or shocking, depending on the degree of affection for football. More than twenty schools have seen fit to disband their teams and withdraw from schedules already drawn up—and it's a cinch another year of war will accelerate the trend tremendously.

The games with the service teams will tear down college football's last, lingering vestige of technical supremacy which, to tell the truth, has been made practically non-existent by the pros in recent years. The assumption that any group of college boys can play better football, baseball, tiddly-winks or gin rummy than working professionals is absurd on the face of things, but the legend has persisted in football for lack of suitable evidence to the contrary.

There have been, of course, many games between pros and all-star college teams and the paid experts have been triumphant in 95 percent of the contests. The scattered games won by the all-stars have enabled die-hard old grads to point out—justifiably—that a well organized unit, such as the pros, should be expected to beat a pick-up collection of recruits any time. Now any unbiased observer with half an eye in his head knows a fair pro club will lick the padded pants off a superlative college crowd, but proof positive never has been offered since the colleges do not play the pros.

That argument no longer will apply after the Army and Navy teams perpetrate moderate murder on the poor, defenseless college boys. The service teams must be considered professional outfits by any lax interpretation of football definitions. They'll have enough honest-to-George pros to make the label stick and the remaining players, most post-graduate gladiators, can be consigned to that loose category.

Comes the denouement: The myth of college football's supremacy having been exposed, the colleges can—and eventually must—renounce all pretensions and trade in on their bona fide attractions which are tradition and college spirit.

Once the colleges are content to sell football on that basis, unabashed proselyting and thinly disguised professionalism—the twin evils throwing the many virtues of honest foot-

(Continued on page 56)



I
It isn't magic that Schlitz uses to produce that famous flavor. The fact is that it takes more than magic to brew a beer *without a trace of bitterness!* Schlitz isn't bitter because it has just the *kiss* of the hops. It costs more to brew beer this way. But Schlitz spares no expense to give you *America's most distinguished beer.* In the familiar 12-ounce bottle. Now also available in the NEW Schlitz GUEST BOTTLE containing one FULL QUART.



JUST THE *Kiss*
OF THE HOPS...
none of the bitterness



Copr. 1942, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

If you want to know what the American scene is like in all its variations, you must open "Fair Is Our Land; the Portrait of America", a book of superb pictures—hills and valleys, mountains and fields, New England churches, western deserts, groves and bays. This book has been prepared by Samuel Chamberlain, which is a guarantee of its excellence. There is also an essay on America by Donald Moffat. (Hastings House, \$5). Another book in this category is "Down to the Sea in Maine", by A. C. Shelton, another collection of pictures, with some entertaining and shrewd comment on Maine life by Robert P. Tristram Coffin, who lives there the year around. Maine, says he, is mostly weather—and when it's good it's magnificent. The houses are "rock candy"; the people "diamond people" and the evergreens a "point lace" horizon. (Dutton, \$3.50)

FINALLY, here's a book about the United States that has a different tempo. Ward Morehouse usually writes about New York's theatres and cafe life, but a few months ago he swung around the circle to see his own country in wartime, and the result is "American Reveille", a book of impressions gathered on the east coast, the west coast, in the south, the southwest and in the Caribbean. A lively book, too, composed by a man who was moving across the country in a car and in a great hurry. He saw the tremendous activity of Detroit and Buffalo and the turmoil of the southern training centers. He visited the "jackpot towns", such as Starke, Fla., Phenix City, Ala., Paso Robles, Calif., which have suddenly become prosperous. Once Phenix City was a town of 17,000; now it is "mobbed by the military", one of the boom towns of the war. But Detroit was the wonder city where one great industry had been scrapped to give way to war work. Detroit had 530,000 men on its payrolls when Morehouse stopped there, and was "just getting steamed up". The Axis is beginning to hear from it. (Putnam, \$2.50)

NO WAR in history has been reported with the fidelity and accuracy for which today's foreign correspondence is distinguished. We know more about campaigns, equipment and even underground activities than any people ever knew before. Yet this does not affect the lure or the popularity of

stories about spies. I found myself breathlessly interested in the predicaments of spies in movies and books. Each story defines its own conditions; you become involved in the fortunes of the characters and all others are blotted from your mind.

The publication of "Three Famous Spy Stories" is a case in point. Here Bennett Cerf has compiled three books that have had wide popularity—"The Great Impersonation" by E. Phillips Oppenheim, "Journey Into Fear" by Eric Ambler and "The Confidential Agent" by Graham Greene. The three stories are quite unlike. The Oppenheim story, which first appeared in 1920, involves all the paraphernalia of a fine English country house and plenty of excellencies, dukes and duchesses. The plot deals with the return of a man who has been missing for years—Sir Everard Dominey, who does not wholly fit into his old role. Is he the man he professes to be or a German agent? Mr. Oppenheim's tricks were never used to better advantage. I was thrilled, entertained and mystified until the last page and played the game with enthusiasm.

The second story, "Journey Into Fear", deals wholly with a man who has made an armament deal with Turkey and is on his way home with papers that his enemies would like to have. The fear of death by murder pursues him on shipboard. Half a dozen devious individuals pop up from nowhere. This is really a streamlined story; the character is constantly on the go, from ship to motor car, to train, and these backgrounds help the progress of the

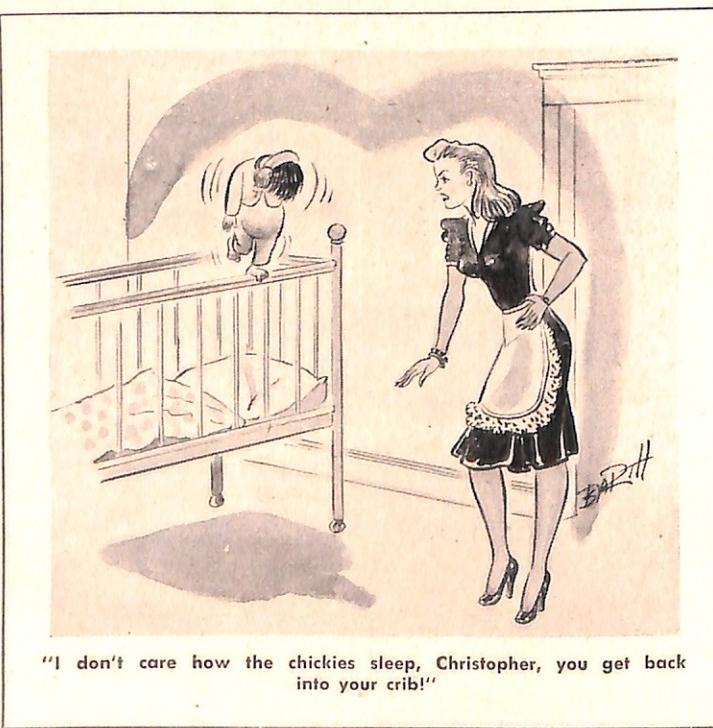
story. Orson Welles is making a motion picture out of it, and it ought to be excellent.

The third story, "The Confidential Agent", differs from the foregoing. Here a great many unexplained things happen. Everything is shadowy. The agent, who is called D., apparently comes from a foreign country to make a coal deal that has political significance. His enemies don't want him to make it. Practically everybody he meets misunderstands him or has evil designs. His own psychology comes into play. D. fights not only the adversaries, but his own inner mystification and fatalism. This is the most modern of the three stories and the most baffling. It offers an opportunity for strong writing. These three tales appear in "Three Famous Spy Stories", edited by Bennett Cerf. (Random House, \$1.98)

ANOTHER remarkable tale of the war against the Nazis is called "Assignment in Brittany" and was written by Helen MacInnes, who also wrote "Above Suspicion". The new story also deals with an impersonation. A British secret agent is landed in Brittany by parachute. He has been educated to impersonate a Frenchman; to go into his house and live there. Obviously this involves difficulties. He must pass the scrutiny of the Frenchman's mother and of two women, Anne, to whom he was engaged, and Elise, with whom he was in love. He must know what to say to friends he meets. He gets into many difficult situations and there were times when I felt my own flesh creep, as if I were the man in the story. The author has made good use of the countryside around Mont St. Michel, where the action takes place. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50)

THE more we learn about the Japanese people, the more we wonder at their military and technical efficiency. They seem to have adopted western ways only superficially, for their ancient customs are still obeyed everywhere in the islands, although modern methods are used in industrial and business life. It seems incredible that these people can use western tools and yet remain completely foreign to western thinking.

Most of the books about Japan deal with politics and hence touch only briefly on such subjects. For this reason we are fortunate in having the reminiscences of



Helen Mears, an American woman who lived in Japan, who describes the curious duality in Japanese life in her book, "Year of the Wild Boar". Miss Mears was charmed by many of the ceremonies and festivals of the Japanese people and mystified by the use made of western ideas, which the Japanese call "modan". This word comes from modern, but does not mean the same thing. However, modan restaurants and movie houses do imitate western ways. The girls who dance in musical shows are known as modan women, but they are still watched carefully by chaperones, for the police believe that they are susceptible to revolutionary ideas, or "dangerous thoughts".

When the Japanese take over foreign things, they also take the foreign names. Thus they use hamu for ham, biru for beer, depato for department store, apato for apartment. The word for up-to-date is haikara; the Japanese meant to take the expression high hat, but they got it mixed up with high collar. Japanese pronounce every syllable and give the vowels the European sounds; thus the word for thank you—arigato—is pronounced ah-re-gah-toe.

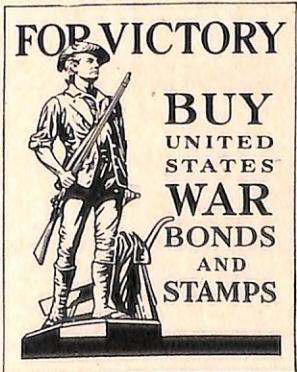
Miss Mears' knowledge of Japan is wide and she is able to give us detailed information about the way the people live. She visited fishing villages, farms, country inns, factories. She asked many questions. The puzzling character of Japanese life was gradually revealed to her. She found it impossible to measure Japan by American standards of progress. The Japanese simply did not know that such terms as "individual initiative" and "profit motive" existed. They lived on so little that their satisfactions could not be expressed in terms of money or what money would buy. When questioned they spoke of the "family spirit" of Japan. Miss Mears came to some interesting conclusions about Japanese civilization. She saw its society as a "controlled society", with an economy of scarcity, in which the few who ruled were able to perpetuate their power. She thought of it as a "non-material" civilization and as one more lethargic than energetic. Historically, the Japanese had developed in recurrent waves of advance and retreat, which would suggest "a fundamental lack of energy".

These and other conclusions suggest that Japan is living a life of contradictions today. Her military exploits are made by a docile people, but they can hardly fail to change the character of Japanese life. Japan has built its power because it is the completely totalitarian state, in contrast to the democracies, which are unable to deliver their people bound hand and foot, as the Japanese leaders have done. (Lippincott, \$2.75)

As a people we read a lot about crimes; our newspapers give details of trials and photographs of criminals; many popular movies deal with gangsters and law-breakers of all kinds. We get interested in wayward personalities, but few of us go behind the crime to discover how human nature gets thwarted and what makes men do things that are contrary to reason and normal living. By tracing the experiences of an assistant district attorney in a novel, "The Just and the Unjust", James Gould Cozzens has approached the subject from a new point of view. The official, Abner Coates, has to prosecute men accused of kidnapping, in the course of which the victim was killed. He wants a verdict of first-degree murder. The novelist knows that such a trial is not mere drama; it is really an interplay of human emotions, an attempt of many minds to study a difficult situation. The lawyers have different motives in addressing the jury; the judges vary in their attitudes; the jury, though instructed in the law, gets completely muddled. During the progress of the case the assistant district attorney has to deal with other matters that throw light on the devious way civilization travels. Thus this novel of human behavior differs greatly from the murder mysteries to which we are accustomed; it is more deliberate, slow-paced, and presents half a dozen characters in a routine, rather than a dramatic situation. It holds the interest, much in the way that Sinclair Lewis interested us in Arrowsmith and Babbitt. This is the novel about the relation of the law to human beings. In earlier books Mr. Cozzens wrote about a country doctor and a city clergyman, in much the same manner. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50)

"Our Enemy Japan" by Wilfrid Fleisher, who worked for twenty-six years in Japan as a newspaper man, is a summary of American relations with Japan, discusses Japanese policies and our recent negotiations. Mr. Fleisher describes the stupefaction of the Japanese people when they learned that Japan had signed with the Axis. He says the Japanese emperor has been surrounded by Japan's militarists and is at heart a liberal, opposed to the policy of foreign conquest. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2)

ARMY matters get into "The Six Iron Spiders", by Phoebe Atwood Taylor, a mystery my spy calls "a top-flight lethal item". (Norton, \$2) A new Perry Mason mystery "The Case of the Drowning Duck" by Earle Stanley Gardner, has a double investigation, one of a murder committed eighteen years before, and another of a recent crime. (Morrow, \$2)



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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 12)

the older of the small fry are not above giving Fido a dirty deal now and then. Run through the files of any newspaper and you'll soon find proof of this in some sad story that found its way into official records. I'm even reminded of something that happened with me when I was in my early 'teens. It wasn't exactly a cruelty, nor was it intended to be more than an effort to scare hell out of a neighborhood nuisance. Since that time I've thought of a dozen better ways to get the results I wanted. That summer, I was staying with my grandmother in a very small town in New Jersey. It was an old-fashioned white house set well back from the road. It was on a corner with a bricked side-path to a gate that opened on to another road. The path ended at one of the several small back porches attached to the house. So much for the locale, now for the drama. It was Grandmother who started it by repeating her complaint about that pesky dog that conducted daily forays on her refuse can. No matter how tight the lid of that container was fastened, the pooch would work it loose and invariably ended his banquet by knocking over the can and scattering its contents all over the yard. Nobody ever caught him at it and Gammer's belief was that those raids were made early in the morning, a bit before sunrise. I had no theories of my own but agreed to give hers a try-out. Now, right off that little porch was a small room that I'd fitted up as a darkroom, being then bitten by the camera bug. Our plan was that I was to sleep in that room for as many nights as necessary to catch our prowler. Among the old lady's prized belongings was an ancient double-barreled pistol, relic of early Civil War days. Barring a few Fourth-of-Julys many years past, I don't think that old gun had seen much service since. And so it was with some misgiving that Grandmother let me have it and it was with more than a doubt that she watched me load it with a whopping charge of powder. No bullets, of course. Besides, shot for that kind of gun could only then be found in a museum. The idea was that as soon as I heard Mr. Dog at our refuse can, I'd poke the pistol through the window and let go both barrels. I remember the fun we had talking about it and speculating as to what that pooch would think when that blast came out of my window. Certainly he'd never go near that can again, which, incidentally, was only about ten feet away from the window.

I spent several nights in that little room—and it was hot. But each time I fell asleep and the dog got away. But there came one night when it was so darned hot that sleep was out of the question. Along toward morning, I heard a scraping

of metal and a wolfing sound that told me that our garbage hound had arrived. I cautiously eased the pistol out the window and pressed both triggers. The explosion at that hour sounded like the voice of God. But instead of a frightened yelp from a dog there was a man-sized scream, a crash of glass and the sound of a horse wildly galloping down the road. Grandmother's milk bill that week was something like fourteen dollars. It wasn't a dog that I frightened but, instead, her pet milkman whom she'd had for many years. It not only scared him but frightened his horse almost into another county. The road outside was strewn with broken glass and spilled milk. Thereafter, Grandmother kept her refuse can indoors and hid that pistol where nobody, not even she, could ever find it again.

This was perhaps far more cruel to the milkman than it would have been to the dog. I know, because it was a long time before he'd do more than leave the family milk at the road-side gate.

Yes, youth is often thoughtless, sometimes unintentionally cruel.

Now that I've put the case for NOT getting a dog for little Willie or Willa (yes, very young girls can be tough on Fido, too), let's consider the reasons why it is a good thing to allow a child of the right age the companionship of one:

In the first place, no other association of human beings and animals is quite like that between a youngster and his or her dog. You may say with a lot of truth that it's one of the most natural partnerships in the world. As suited to each other as corned beef is to cabbage, as Amos is to Andy. Certainly few tie-ups are marked with less thought of profit on both sides. All each asks is companionship, devotion and the share and share alike of each other's joys and sorrows. These are things beyond price. It's an experience that will help build character in the child.

There are other reasons, practical too, why it is good for a youngster to own a dog. A lot can be learned from Fido. With the right kind of handling, a dog can play an important part in the education of a boy or girl. Certainly the demonstrations of fidelity, forbearance, courage and obedience given by the dog are lessons that will not go unheeded. These are things that the child should be taught to look for in his or her pet. This may seem like a large order but if the child is guided this way and IF it is given to understand that it is the sole owner of the dog, responsible for every detail of its care and education, you'll find that the pup does GIVE. And in no uncertain way. But if children are permitted to regard the dog as a kind of toy—then that dog will be just that, and nothing more. In sub-

stance, the dog should be treated as a playmate, never as a plaything. There's a difference between the two.

Perhaps you are thinking of getting a pooch for one of the juniors. All right, IF you have the proper accommodations and the child is old enough. But if you do get one, don't attach any strings to your gift. Make that boy or girl definitely responsible for taking care of it. This goes for every detail from house-breaking, to training, feeding and exercising. You'll find few better ways toward developing a sense of responsibility in the child; certainly not many better ways for the boy or girl to learn the lessons that Fido can teach. In such matters pertaining to the dog's care, these at first should be supervised by an adult—but not to the point where the youngster loses interest or the feeling of responsibility. If you do not happen to know the important details about the care and training of a dog, you'll find books dealing with this in your local library. If your city hasn't a library, then write to any of the manufacturers of dog products, or if you'll drop me a postal, I'll be glad to give you an outline of the necessary things to do to and for a dog. Incidentally, right now I'm getting a flock of letters complaining about dogs with so-called summer rash. It afflicts some dogs every year when the weather is warm, showing up on the skin with a red, angry appearing eruption that causes constant scratching. It's widespread and that's why I mention it here. If you have a dog with this trouble, let me know because I've found a fine remedy for it and I'll be glad to let you know about it. In my book which you'll find advertised in this copy of your *Elks Magazine*, you'll find further necessary information about dogs, concisely and to the point. (At least that's what I've been told.) It costs two bits (25 cents) and the Editor says that if you don't think it worth the money, you can get your quarter back any time you ask for it.

I often get letters asking what kind of dog is best to get for a youngster. Now it doesn't amount

to a tinker's damn (or should it be dam?) what kind you get as long as you don't try to fit one of the overstuffed kinds into a small apartment. There, as I've indicated, the big chap will bulk up like a baby grand in a hall-bedroom and be just as much in the way.

So much for size, accommodations, etc. Now about pedigree or just plain pooch or mulligan, as he's known in certain circles. Some people hold to an old-fashioned idea that the plebeian dog is healthier and more intelligent. This is the stuff they fill balloons with. To whoever owns the pure-bred, whether in his breeder's kennel or in the home of his purchaser, he represents an investment. Playboy heirs of multi-million fathers excepted, it's human nature to protect our investments. Hence the purebred gets health protection undreamed of by the mulligan. As for intelligence, heck, all dogs are alike in this. You'll find fatheads and scholars in both divisions. The odds are in favor of the purebred because his breeders don't, as a rule, like to be known for turning out problem dogs. As a matter of fact, there are many kennels that destroy puppies as soon as it is seen that they do not measure up to standard as specimens in health or intelligence.

Yes, by all means get a dog for Mr. or Miss Junior and here's what to look for when getting one: a clean breath, a clean skin (look under arm-pits, inside ears, between legs and on tummy for rash); a clean white in the eye; firm, pink gums (except for Chow Chow which should be black), a lively, unafraid puppy with a bright coat. Ware the dog that has a dull coat and (or) a bloated stomach. The first is an indication of something more serious and the latter may mean an overdose of worms.

When you get the pup, be sure to have it inoculated for distemper. Your vet will do this for you. The next lifesaver for the dog is to plank down the few bucks it will cost to have it licensed. Both these precautions mean life or death to the pooch. So don't procrastinate.

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BEFORE

AFTER

Hilo
DIP and OINTMENT

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 13)

damage, but did send me to an early bed that evening with a severe headache and a firm conviction that all quail hunters were nuts. The rest settled down to a serious poker session.

Hours later I was awakened by a terrific argument. The cabin was redolent of pipe and cigarette smoke, blended with the more subtle odor of scotch.

"I tell you," one voice was insisting, "that I got the so and so. What's the idea of claiming everything that's shot all the time? Why don't you give the other guy a little credit once in awhile instead of hogging all the glory?"

"Look, Mac," the other voice replied. "I've shot brown bears up in Alaska, haven't I? An' moose in Quebec an' about every other critter and varmint in this country, haven't I?"

Mac agreed, between hiccups, that all this was true, and more. "But the fact you've shot moose and such," he added, "doesn't give you any claim on today's prize trophy."

"Ah, nuts!" exclaimed a third voice. "Deal 'em out and let's cut the argument. What difference does it make who got 'im, so long as somebody did? Come on, deal 'em out!"

"Deal 'em out nothin'," insisted the first voice. "I want to get this argument settled here and now. I've shot moose, mountain lions, goats and every other varmint living, but never one of them rod and gun writers. Today I did it and now you guys are trying to claim credit! The heck with it, I'm going to bed."

See what I mean?

AMONG my list of outdoor companions is a distinguished officer and gentleman; a superb all-around shot and grand camp cook. That is to say, he's a grand cook except for a lamentable tendency to extemporize in culinary emergencies. But we'll come to that part later.

This sportsman is the creator of a so-called "Magic Powder" with which he seasons meats, game, soup and, unless restrained by main force, desserts. The composition of this seasoning powder is a carefully guarded secret, and there's no denying it imparts a distinctive something to foods if you like high garlic overtones and possess a cast-iron stomach.

The gastronomic disturbances this seasoning

has started among this officer's camp guests are beyond counting, and I'll never forget the remark made by one stricken victim of the previous week's beefsteak binge.

A sweet young thing had just had her first taste of the mixture, liberally sprinkled over a juicy slab of sirloin steak. She squealed with rapture as the officer beamed with modest pride.

"Oh-h-h, Colonel," she gushed, "it's dee-licious! And do you mean to say you compounded this perfectly gorgeous seasoning all by yourself?"

The officer admitted the stuff was indeed the creation of his own genius, the meanwhile adding another sprinkling of powder to the girl's steak. It wasn't until then that the previous week's victim spoke up.

"Look, sister," he said. "Don't let him kid you. The Colonel didn't think up that recipe—it's something that originally was whipped together by Lucrezia Borgia. The antidote is a glass of soda bicarb, taken at frequent intervals for three days. After a week, your stomach should be about normal again."

The highlight of the Colonel's catch-as-catch-can culinary efforts, however, was achieved one evening when he invited several friends to camp for dinner. He was about to whip up a batch of baking soda bis-

cuits, for which he is justly famous, when he made the sad discovery there wasn't a speck of baking soda in camp. He was stumped, but only for a minute. A quick substitution not only saved an embarrassing situation, but actually enhanced the Colonel's reputation.

"Never," remarked a hefty dower later, "have I tasted such delicious biscuits! Colonel, you must write out that recipe before I go home so I can have my chef make them your way. How on earth do you do it? Please write down full directions."

"Bosh!" replied the officer, "there's really nothing to it and your chef won't need written directions. Just tell him to make the biscuits the usual way, but instead of using baking soda, tell him to stir in a couple of handfuls of Enos Fruit Salts!"

THEN there was Jim, with whom I formerly hunted ducks and geese along the Jersey coast. He was a venerable bayman who'd been around for no one knew how long, and the proud owner of a double 10-gauge of equally ancient lineage in which he shot Super-X shells—over my profane protests.

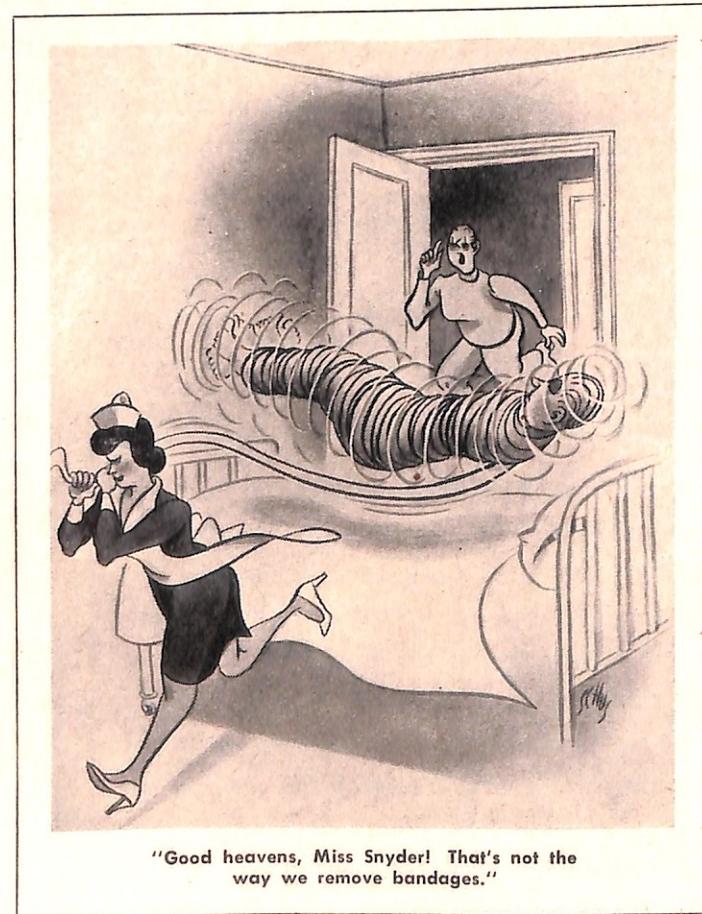
The shotgun in question never was made to stand modern loads in the first place—it was a relic of black powder days. Besides, the old fowling piece was as loose as a cooch dancer's hips—you could see about an eighth of an inch of brass when the piece was loaded. Furthermore, it had been patched, soldered and repaired with wire windings, until it looked more like a generator than a gun.

When Jim reared up beside me to wham an incoming flock, it was difficult to concentrate on the business at hand. There always was a horrible feeling his blunderbuss would come apart at the seams and distribute both of us over the tide-flats, but in chunks.

Waiting for that shotgun to burst eventually developed a flinch and I had to stop shooting with Jim. Three seasons later he was still gunning with it and doing all right.

"I wouldn't trade that gun for a farm," Jim announced the last time I met him. "It's as sound as the day I bought it, in 1886."

Fortunately, a coal truck ran over the weapon in Jim's yard a while later, a fact which probably saved his life.



The two Federal wardens chugged up about 10 o'clock, checked my license and gun and seemed surprised at the near-limit of ducks reposing in the bottom of the blind. My companion greeted the officers with a nod and twirled himself a smoke.

"Funny thing," commented one of the wardens, "but you're the only guy on the whole bay with a decent kill. So far it has been the poorest opening day I can remember." They looked things over with obvious suspicion, and, after an interval, spun the outboard and departed.

Come to think of it, I had been having unusual luck all morning. Few birds had been awing, but everything which had traveled up or down the bay had headed for the rig as if pulled by a magnet.

"What do you suppose was eating those guys?" I remarked to the guide a few minutes later.

"You know those Federals," he replied. "Just nosy."

"Well," I answered, "they had something on their minds and I was beginning to feel nervous. You know, with my job I can't afford to get mixed up in any jams. Somehow I'm glad they didn't hang around any longer. After all, it is blamed funny we've had all the shooting today."

"We haven't got anything to worry about now," he replied. "They won't come back."

"Eh?"

"They won't come back today," he replied, rolling another cigarette. "They gotta check those other rigs. But for a moment I was worried they'd do a little dredgin' hereabouts. If they had, it would have cost us some dough. You see, I've been puttin' out a sack of corn daily for the last week."

THE streamliner's whistle howled a warning about a half-mile up the track as the big snook smashed my lure, which had been cast from the catwalk on the railroad bridge. There wasn't time to get off the bridge, either way, but there was time to reach a safety platform on the opposite side of the track. But

that spelled a cut line by the cars' spinning wheels, and a lost snook. My first, incidentally.

Or I could jump off the trestle into the river, rod in hand, and take my chances there. It was a tough decision to make, but I stepped off on the platform and seconds later the train roared past. The bridge-tender, a fisherman, had watched the little drama from his cottage gate.

"Good thing you didn't jump," he remarked later. "You would have been badly hurt, if not killed."

"Hurt?" I echoed. "Jumping from a railroad bridge into several feet of water? I just didn't want to get wet and my watch full of water."

"Where you was standing, Bud, there was only about a half-foot of muddy water over a lot of old rocks."

FUNNY thing," remarked my companion, as we settled down in the Pullman, "but I have a feeling I've left something home."

"You always do when starting off on a hunting trip," I replied, "and usually you're right. Fortunately, however, it's generally something like corn plasters or the extra pair of socks. Nothing vitally necessary."

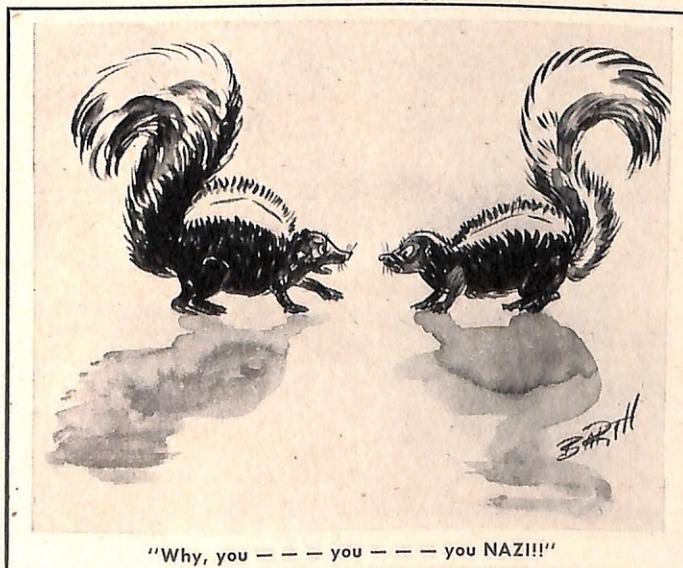
The train roared on through the night for another half-hour before the hunting partner spoke again.

"Let's see," he murmured to himself. "I've got shells, my boots, heavy underwear, a quart"

"You didn't by any chance come away without your shotgun, did you?" I asked, in jest.

"Omgosh!" he exclaimed. "That's it! I left it in the case on the kitchen table!"

N EITHER hunter, sitting side by side in the windswept blind, heard a sound, least of all the one who collapsed with a slight grunt. It was five minutes before his companion could boost the heavy body out of the narrow box, and five minutes more before he realized he had a corpse to account for. The .22 bullet, fired by a careless kid over a 200-yard range, had done a complete job, but that wasn't discovered until later.



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The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 22)

James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Bruce A. Campbell, J. Edgar Masters, James G. McFarland, William Hawley Atwell, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, John R. Coen, Floyd E. Thompson, Michael F. Shannon, James T. Hallinan, David Sholtz, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Henry C. Warner and Joseph G. Buch. Absent from this Opening Session of the Convention was senior Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, who expressed in a telegram to the Convention his sorrow on being absent on doctor's orders. Also unable to attend were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Judge Murray Hulbert, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, and Major Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, who is in Washington in the service of our country.

On the following day, Tuesday, the principal event on the card of the Grand Lodge Convention was the first official Business Session, held in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Fontenelle. A detailed account of this meeting was published in the August issue of *The Elks Magazine*. On this day, the Ritualistic and Trap-shooting Contests, results of which have already been announced, were in progress. In the evening a special Ak-Sar-Ben show was presented for visiting Elks and their ladies residing outside Omaha, and also for those members of the Order who are members of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben.

On Wednesday another important business meeting of the Grand Lodge was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Fontenelle. At this meeting the reports of the Elks National Memorial and Pub-

lication Commission and the Elks National Foundation Trustees were read. These reports appeared in last month's issue of the Magazine.

At the conclusion of these reports as read by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and John F. Malley, respectively, the Grand Lodge adjourned for its Memorial Services. An account of this moving Grand Lodge of Sorrow appears elsewhere in this issue.

This Wednesday of the Convention was distinguished by the many State Association luncheons and dinners which were held throughout the various hotels of the City.

Thursday, July 16, the last day of the Convention, saw the final Grand Lodge Business Session take place in the Fontenelle Ballroom. This was a particularly interesting session of the Grand Lodge, which has been fully covered in last month's issue of the Magazine. That evening, the Convention held a patriotic parade, the first section of which was of military character.

The parade was dedicated to the American heroes of the present and past wars and its theme, depicted by a military section with mechanized cavalry units from Fort Riley, Kansas, was "Win the War!"

Two troops of the 15th Mechanized Cavalry and the regiment's Motorcycle Department had arrived the previous day at Ak-Sar-Ben Field where camp was pitched for the night and where the visiting Elks were allowed to inspect the detachment.

About eighty vehicles, sixteen motorcycles and approximately 275 officers and

men were in the contingent, under the command of Major W. A. Bird of the 15th Cavalry.

Participating also in the parade was a special Color Escort from Fort Omaha, carrying the Flags of the twenty-eight United Nations. Colonel Harry Adamson, Commanding Officer at Fort Crook, sent twenty motorcycles of the latest type.

The parade marshal was Grand Esquire John E. Drummond, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, with Assistant Chief of Police Robert Munch, aide-in-charge. The State Guard and Navy units also marched in the military section.

In the Elk section of the parade were the Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, musical unit, colors, the Sioux Falls Band; distinguished guests; lodges marching in alphabetical order of their States, and Nebraska lodges in alphabetical order; Omaha Lodge with its band, colors, officers, Glee Club, aviation cadets and members. Many musical organizations also joined the parade. This parade, entirely military and patriotic in character, was a fitting conclusion to this 78th Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

It is entirely possible that future celebrations of the kind will be curtailed for the duration of the war, and that this meeting will have been the last colorful celebration of the Order during our country's period of trial.

It is pleasant to think, in view of this business-like, militaristic and patriotic Convention, of the joyous and splendid meeting which will one day be held by the Order to celebrate our Nation's victory.

The Big Red, White and Blue

(Continued from page 49)

ball into disrepute—slowly will disappear. Gate receipts may fall off, but the financial structure of the game will be stronger.

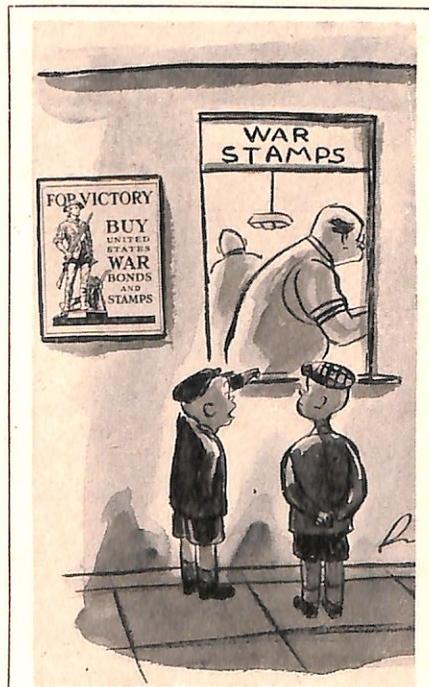
COLLEGE football associations have been known to arrive at the disenchanting conclusion often impressed upon men fortunate enough to double and triple their incomes: Greater returns seldom mean more money in the bank. Living up to one's new position in life is an expensive proposition that is similar to the maintenance of an "acquired" football team. It is a luxury that eats up profits that should be put in safe keeping. And the greater the paper profits the more insatiable is the budget's appetite for stadium improvements, more expensive coaches, more elaborate publicity, more lavish entertainment of high-school players and more extensive proselytizing—to make no mention at all of thirty or forty more scholarships. Several colleges have discovered this to be true, notably Chicago University and New York University, both national football powers in the 1920's. Neither school continues to support football.

Once the colleges begin to reform themselves—and the movement is

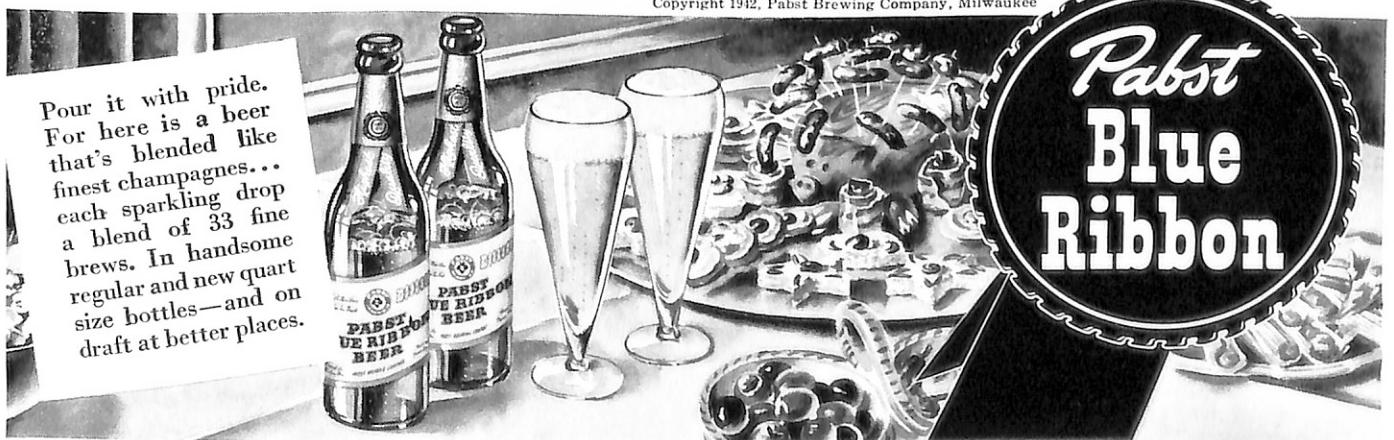
gaining impetus constantly—you'll see the breakdown of the caste system which is as silly as it is insidious. It is an open secret that a letter from the President cannot get certain colleges on the schedules of snooty schools that festoon themselves with a self-assumed mantle of lily-white purity.

In some cases, the ivy leaguers bar the so-called coal miners due to motives of jealousy and fear of humiliating defeat. In many cases, the patricians refuse to encourage professionalism by mingling with the pseudo-amateurs. One tendency should be decried, the other applauded. But regardless of the fundamental motive, this discrimination takes root, subtly and inevitably, in social distinctions. As a result, hard-working, legitimate graduates of certain colleges are frowned upon as thick-necked muggs simply because their alma mater is too good in football.

It's a great pity, of course, that nothing short of a war made the wheels of revolution mesh, but football can, if it will, build a new and better order in which the Red, White and Blue are the poor man's college colors.



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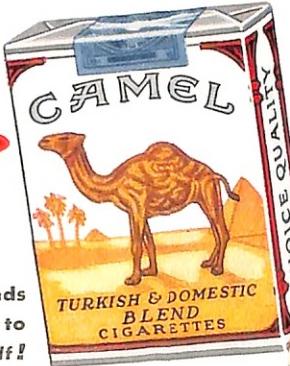
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